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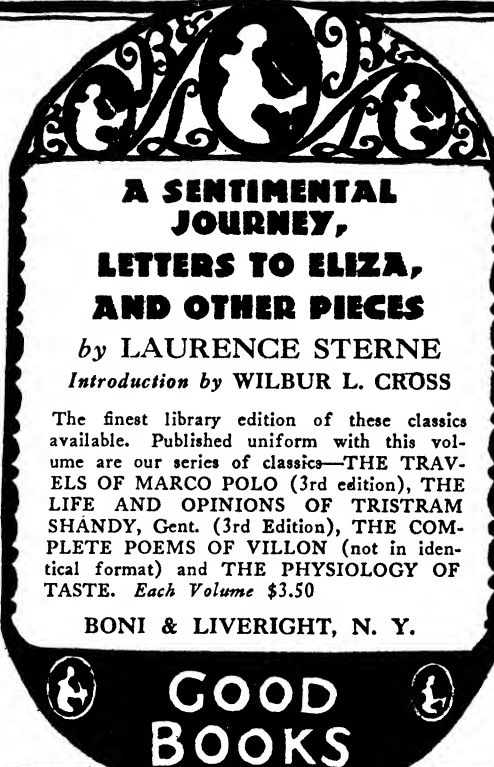
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THIS is the ninth year of the Soviet Republic. League of Nations Socialists, brass-check liberals, fainthearts, trimmers, lapdogs, shopkeepers, all were terribly sure it would not last for a week. Seventeen capitalist nations were sure, and sent their armies to invade the workers' republic. The *New York Times*, the *New York World*, and other great organs of truth, justice, free speech, etc. slandered and lied and invented sordid libels about the Socialist fatherland. The tide of opposition rose high and dirty as never in the world's history.

But the Red Flag still waves over the Kremlin, and the hammers and sickles still build the Co-Operative Commonwealth every prosy day of the week.

And in millions of proletarian hearts in every corner of the world the Workers' Republic is still enshrined as fresh, as new and beautiful as first love.

There is much to say about Soviet Russia. It is a new world to explore. Americans know almost nothing about it. But the story filters through, and it rouses heroism.

As long as the Red Flag waves over the Kremlin, there is hope in the world.

There is something in the air of Soviet Russia that throbbed in the air of Pericles' Athens; the England of Shakespeare; the France of Danton; the America of Walt Whitman.

Yes, there are heartburnings, defects, defeats. It is not a dream of John Ball or a honeymoon. It is not Utopia. It is a realistic battle with ignorance, greed, imperialism, and conservatism. This is not mysticism but life. This is the first man learning in agony and joy how to think. Where else is there hope in the world?

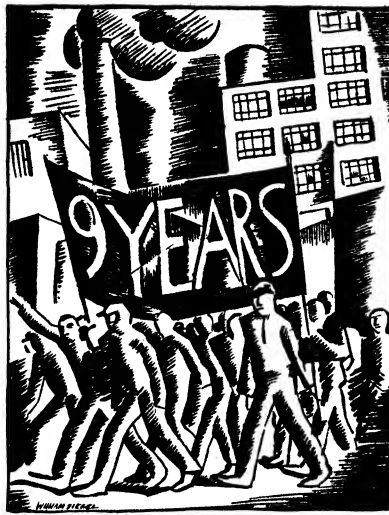
Hail, great artist-nation, great scientist-nation, great worker-nation! There can be no more defeat; your nine years of creation are themselves the greatest victory in world history. Hail! red youthful giant, as you go marching and singing out of the tragic present into the glorious future! Our deepest hopes are centered in you, our right arms are yours to command, our life is your life. You have killed the dogma of capitalism as surely as the French revolution killed monarchism. Hail!

M. G.

## THE NEW SIZE

This is the new size of the NEW MASSES, and now our brave readers can hide their copies in the subway from reactionary eyes. You will note that we have used no color in this issue. This is also done to protect our subway readers.

What do you think of the change?



DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

## NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER, 1926

NUMBER 1

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## IN THIS ISSUE

## THE WRITERS

Charles Ashleigh is a poet and I. W. W., who spent five years in Leavenworth prison for opposing the war. He was deported to England, where he is now news editor of the *Sunday Worker*, London.

Arnold Roller is a writer who has spent many years in Latin America.

Charles W. Wood began his writing career as a Methodist evangelist and locomotive fireman. John Day will publish his second book next spring.

Raymond Fuller is a teacher and writer of New York.

Eugene Lyons is a New York correspondent for TASS, the world news agency of Soviet Russia.

Howard Brubaker was one of the famous wits of the old *Masses*, and is still going strong.

Tom Barker is in charge of the New York office of Kuzbas, the great Siberian industrial enterprise that was begun by Bill Haywood and other I. W. W. workers.

John Haussman is a young English wanderer who is now doing newspaper work in Kansas City.

Kenneth Fearing is one of the best of the younger school of hard-boiled American poets.

Martia Conroy is a working miner who occasionally writes for the labor press. He has been active in the United Mine Workers of America for fifteen years.

S. S. Adamson is the pseudonym of a teacher in a Chicago high school. He uses this disguise to keep his job, he says, there being mighty little free speech for American teachers.

## THE ARTISTS

Jan Matulka is a Bohemian artist who has worked in America for many years. His paintings have been exhibited at the Neumann Galleries.

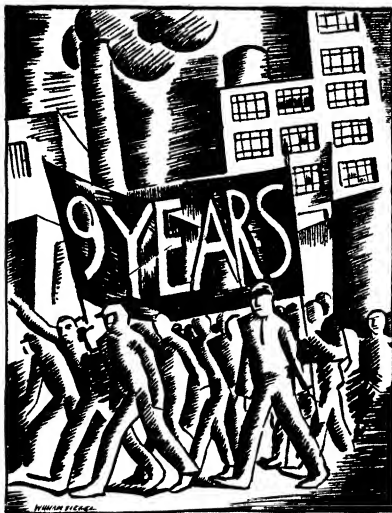
Aladjalov is a young Russian artist, who has contributed to several American magazines. Accent the 'ja.'

Jean Charlot is a French artist who is living and working in Mexico.

Reginald Marsh has just returned to America after a year abroad—playing and painting.

Adolph Dehn made a special trip from London to South Wales to sketch the striking miners for the NEW MASSES.





DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

# NEW MASSES

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VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER, 1926

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DRAWING BY JAN MATULKA

ELECTION DAY—CALL YOUR TUNE





DRAWING BY JAN MATULKA

ELECTION DAY—CALL YOUR TUNE

# FASTER, AMERICA, FASTER!

A MOVIE IN TEN REELS—By MICHAEL GOLD

## MORNING ON THE RANCH

THE private train never stopped. It was like war. It smashed the peace of the dark American fields. Frogs leaped into the marsh-pools as the monster passed. Birds waked and screamed. Trees bent before the storm. The blow struck the still farmhouses, and they trembled in every rafter. Fever. No more quiet. The moon reeled. The Virgin night was raped from dreams. Speed! The private train never stopped. There were two luxury cars and a locomotive.

## A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WANDERS IN

The private train never stopped. Its whistle and bell banged and boasted: The world is mine! They clanged: Get out of the way! The Big Boss is coming! The private train spat golden sparks into the humble face of Night. It was destined for Hollywood. Erwin Schmidt, the German-American movie millionaire had chartered it for his youngest star and some friends. The boilers belled. The rails shrieked like dying women. Loafers at small country towns were grazed by a thunderbolt of flying steel and steam. They saw a shower of golden windows. Cities and towns roared by. Mountains raced up and down, see-sawed. The private train never stopped. It had the right of way from Atlantic to Pacific. It owned the American horizon. (America is a private train crashing over the slippery rails of History. Faster, faster, America!) The private train never stopped.

## THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER LOVED GUM DROPS

In a huge, wonderful arm-chair Mr. Schmidt leaned back and smiled. He was forty-five years old, and bald, pink, shining and perfect. He was very tolerant. He was sure. He pressed a button and the world entered with a tray, and brought him what he wished. He was a sophisticated Menckente and connoisseur.

My dear, he said in a fatherly voice, to the raw little flapper opposite him, let me ask George to fill your glass again.

Oh, thank you, Mr. Schmidt, she stammered nervously, licking her dry lips and smiling.

My dear child, he cooed, you mustn't call me Mr. Schmidt! Mr. Schmidt indeed! So formal, aren't

you? All my little girls call me Pops. Just Pops.

Yes, Pops.

That's better, Angel-Face.

George, the tall Negro in white, entered with low, dramatic, oriental bowings and ceremony. He poured, with perfect art, wine into two thin glasses. He dimmed the lights in the Czarist stateroom being whirled 80 miles an hour through the ancient, humble night.

My, my, Dot, now you're a real star. Yes, at seventeen your name will be blazing in electric lights on the theatres of every city in the world. Isn't that wonderful? Yesterday a mere stenographer, tomorrow a world figure, like Gloria Swanson or Valentino, no less. Don't it thrill you, my little Cinderella?

Oh, it certainly does, Mr.—Pops.

She had baby blue eyes, soft as a mongrel's. Blond, wavy bob. Pink and white enamel face, beautiful as a flat magazine cover done by a Hearst artist. Just out of high school, and bewildered. Her little heart was beating. Her little brain was puzzled. What did Pops want?

## KISS ME, MY FOOL!

In the next car, a long room decorated in gilt like the Czar's palace, a male press agent, three female movie actresses, a female scenario writer, two male movie executives, and a male British novelist were drinking and dancing to the radio. None of them needed monkey glands.

Gladys La Svelte tossed off a bumper of champagne, bit the neck of the stately British author, and wanted to pull the engine cord.

Henry, a short Negro in white, uttered, with oriental bowings and humility: Please, ma'am, that cord is for emergencies only.

Let's pull it anyway. I want the train to go faster. I want speed—speed—speed.

Please, ma'am—

Speed. Faster, faster! Tell the engineer, faster, faster!

Yes, ma'am.

She didn't pull it. The radio brought the history of science to a grand climax. It transmitted *Yes Sir, She's My Baby* from Chicago. The jazz band at the Hotel Karnac was ya-hooing like mad.

It positively gets into one's blood, said the British novelist naively. What a country, what a country! Faster, faster, he chortled.

He thought of his marvellous Hollywood contract, and bit the neck of Gladys La Svelte to show his joy. He unbent. This was a riotous surprise to everyone, and they whacked him with colored toy balloons.

## MEANWHILE OVER THE SLUMBERING CITY THE DAWN'S ROSES FELL SOFTLY LIKE PEARLS

The fireman was shovelling coal into the fiery furnace. He was a haggard, young American rough-neck. He had been in three wrecks, and in one of them a piece of iron entered his skull.

She's going good now, ain't she? he yelled belligerently, his hard face set, as he wiped his smutty brow with a hunk of cotton waste.

Too good, said the old engineer with a sour sneer. He was disillusioned with speed; had driven express trains for forty years. But Mr. Schmidt had promised him fifty dollars at the end of his run.

Whaddye mean, too good? Ain't I givin yuh all the steam yuh need? yelled the fireman.

The engineer couldn't hear and didn't answer. He was worrying. The fireman repeated the question belligerently. His nerves were on edge. His girl had thrown him down and had married a salesman. The fireman had been on an awful bootleg jag for three days. He was a hard, bitter drinker since that last wreck, when he was knocked on the head. But the engineer was worrying.

I must watch out. There's always a jam near Des Moines. Jim Moore got wrecked there only last month, with a clear track, too. And these specials ball up the schedule. I must watch out. Jim was wrecked. He took the hill, whistling, and there was Number 4 staring him right in the face. I must watch out.

Faster, faster, yelled the fireman. You got all the steam she can stand, ain't yuh? He was mad with rage for some reason, and slammed the coal like a furious devil into the firebox. Faster, faster, you old bastard.

The engineer was startled. Was it me you called that? he shouted, staring down with stern eyes.

Yeh, you, the fireman roared, shaking his shovel at the engineer. You, you, you. His hair streamed in the gale, and the black and yellow glare of the furnace illuminated him with the fires of hell.

## I LOVE YOU! MAY I MISS SMITH? I KNOW I'M JUST A POOR COWBOY, BUT—

In the narrow pantry, George and Henry, the Negroes in white, drooped wearily like heartsick mothers at a bedside.

Ain't they awful?

Yop, plumb coo-coo.

I wish I could get some sleep.

No sleep on this trip, Big Boy.

Honest, it aint worth even the big tips. I hate to serve them.

Last time for me, I'll tell the world.

There's that bell again. Hope the old ofay busts a blood vessel or something.

Slip a white powder in his gin.

Wish I had the nerve.

Then suddenly oriental, George purringly poured for Mr. Schmidt the finest wine money could buy, into the finest glasses money could buy.

Just turn those other lights out, too, said the magnate. They hurt my eyes.

Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

The private train never stopped.

## AS IN BABYLON OF ELD

They were Hollywooding in the next car. They were wasting life. They screamed, wrestled, frazzled, mushed, rubbed, gooed and ate huge chicken and bacon sandwiches. An executive and an actress stole off into a stateroom. The others petted, laughed, screamed, gobbled. They smeared mustard on each other. A dress was torn. The floor was cluttered with napkins, salad dressing, corks and cigarette butts. The radio yammered. The night flew by. Through the windows all the dark farmhouses, trees, rivers, flashed by like a cheap movie. The dark, old American fields roared with a mighty voice. There was a protest against this new thing. But the private train never stopped.

Haw, haw, let's serenade Dot and Pops.

No, let's tell the engineer to go faster, shrieked Gladys.

Someone stuck his head out of the window. Fast enough for me. Fast as a Keystone comedy.

Aw, come on, let's serenade Dot and Pops. He's our host, aint he? Gotta show our 'preciation, aint we?

## MY WONDER GIRL!

The fireman slammed open the firebox door. He bellowed with delight when the tiger-blast struck his sweaty face. His muscles bulged. His chest gleamed. He danced like a clumsy bull. He climbed up the cab. The old engineer screamed. He hit the old engineer over the skull with his shovel. The engineer died. The fireman danced.

Faster, faster, the fireman screamed, flinging his giant arms to the gale. Faster when I tell yuh to go faster.



I'm boss here now. I'm a millionaire. I'm King of the World!

The private train never stopped. It leaped ahead as if a giant had kicked it forward.

### TWO SHOTS RANG OUT!

Mr. Schmidt was slightly sweating.

I could get any girl I wanted in the world. But I want only you, my bonny daisy.

Oh, Pops, you do say such pretty things. You talk like a poet.

Little rabbit, you're first beginning to know me. People think I'm a cold, dull business man, but I have an artist's soul. That is really the secret of my success. I'll make a great artist out of you before I'm through with you. If it costs me a cool million.

Oh, Pops! You make me so happy. Kiss me, Dottie.

I'm so young, she lisped coyly, I don't know about these things. Isn't it wrong, Pops?

### MEANWHILE A LONE RIDER—

Henry and George were badly frightened. They stuck their heads out of the pantry window. The wind smote them like an uppercut from Jack Dempsey's fist.

Gawd, she'll jump the track at this rate, sure. I never saw a train act this way.

I guess it's all right, George. I guess so. Old Gordon's driving her, and he knows what he's doing. I guess so.

It don't feel right, I tell yuh. No. Too fast, too fast!

Old Gordon's running her. Guess so. Guess so. It's all right, George. Guess so. Guess so.

### A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

The gaudy mob poured in to serenade Pops. But the stateroom door was locked against them. They pounded on the door with bottles and yelled Hey! Hey! They rocked on their feet. The private train was shimmying like mad. It never stopped. A few were sick. Gladys La Svelte vomited on the Czarist floor. Everyone laughed like a zoo. Britain supported America and held her head down.

Gladys grew histrionic. She wept like Jesus. He's double-crossed me, she screamed, and broke away. She kicked at the door crazily. I know what's going on in there. He's thrown me over for that little Kewpie doll, the old cradle-snatcher. But I'll show him. I'll tell the newspapers he's crazy for young girls. I'll break him. I'll sue him. He dragged me down.

The others laughed like a zoo.



## AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

DRAWING BY ALADJALOV

They rocked and shimmied with the train. Aw, forget it, Gladys. Come on and sing, Gladys. Be a sport. He's our host, ain't he? The British novelist used his monocle haughtily, and thought of his contract. Gladys was vulgar. But there was laughter of coyotes and peacocks. Everyone burst into song. Hail, hail, the gang's all here, so what the hell do—

Henry and George rushed in with immense eyes and pork-pale faces.

Too fast—too fast, they stammered—

Laughter like a zoo. They blathered the Negroes with toy balloons.

Then—OUT!

Life exploded like a bomb.

Then—POW!

The world shot from a cannon in

flame. Coney Island fireworks. Crucifix pain.

Tidal wave, earthquake, last lonely screams of little children eaten by a giant. Snap and crack. Fade out. Then quiet. A bird sang in the sudden sweet gloom. There was a smell of roasted flesh.

### CAME THE DAWN

The great monster lay on its side, tons of steel writhing like a snake. Huge steam-clouds hissed from the dragon's wounds. The old countryside was cool, dark and still. Yes, a bird sang.

Mr. Schmidt's pampered guts lay neglected in the ballast. The last white stars shone in the sky. Gladys was grinning with some bloody joke. She was red and nude. The British

novelist was undignified; he had no arms. Negro George was long, flat and patient. The night was very dark and sweet. Little Dot hugged the grass by the track. The fireman's wild head had rolled away. There was the smell of flesh. A bird sang. The press agent's belly was like an open mouth.

Faster, faster.

A pale farmer came running from the dark. He had a sickle in his hand. A pale worker in overalls came up, with a hammer. They soberly began the rescue work. Dawn grew. The red morning star appeared.

\* \* \*

America is a private train rushing to Hollywood.

\* \* \*

Faster, faster, America!



AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

DRAWING BY ALADJALOV





AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

DRAWING BY ALADJALOV

# THE CHURCH, THE STATE AND THE INDIAN

By ARNOLD ROLLER

THE conflict between the government and the priests in Mexico demonstrated once more the miraculous power of the Roman Catholic Church for renewed indignation. To judge from the surface display—the worldwide prayers, the impassioned threats and appeals by church functionaries, the general strike of the spiritual industry in Mexico—one would suppose that such an indignity was being visited upon the Vatican for the first time. The *Kulturkampf* in Germany under Bismarck, the Law of Congregations in the France of 1900, the continual skirmishing in South America might never have happened. By isolating the Mexican situation and blacking out the background, a dramatic uniqueness was achieved which was useful to the Church in stirring up the faithful to frenzied opposition.

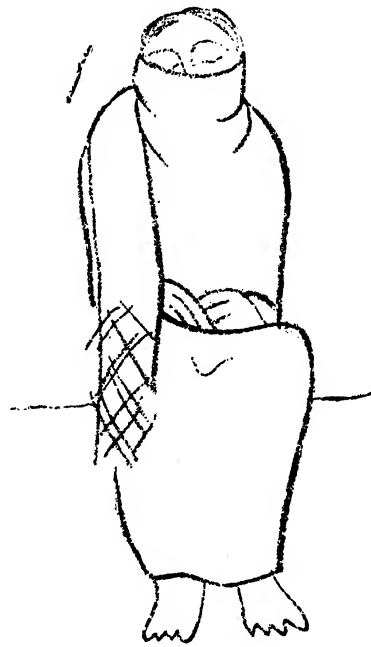
But the Mexican situation is unique only in being the most recent battle in the long fight of the political world to confine the church to purely "spiritual" enterprises. It is in relation to this fight that the Mexican conflict attains the clarity of perspective. It is especially important to take cognizance of the fierce struggle between Church and State—and sometimes between both of them on the one side and the more liberal and civilized elements on the other—in South America. Rome is fighting frantically not alone for its Mexican privileges but for whatever remains of its heritage from Spanish rule in South America—and a lot remains. And conversely, the Mexican government indirectly is fighting for all of Latin America against domination by Rome.

The signs of that black heritage are everywhere in South America, but most evident and potent in the countries with large Indian, mulatto and Negro populations—such as Bolivia, Peru, Colombia and Brazil. Here the priests are drawn in large measure from the native populations. The priesthood offers an avenue of escape, the only such avenue, from crushing peonage. These Indians are lifted by the semi-white rulers to their own social level that they may act as spiritual police over their enslaved countrymen, keeping them meek in the expectation of heavenly rewards.

In these more backward countries the Indian priests, speaking the native Indian language, practice a curious composite of Catholic and old Indian rites, becoming in many ways the "medicine men" of their people. They have smuggled into the Catholic rituals many old ceremonials of Inca sun-worship. The pious Indians

who cross the mountain crest opposite La Paz to face the sacred snow-covered Illimani, towering 20,000 feet into the sky, never fail to greet the setting sun with outstretched arms. They strew the ground with the sacred leaves of the *coca* and finish the performance by crossing themselves in orthodox Catholic style.

The marriage ceremony in certain districts of Bolivia concludes with a dissertation by the Indian priest to the effect that the groom must demonstrate his new authority as absolute master of the bride. Thereupon he hands the groom a long leather whip with which his lordship the husband



belabors his wife. She shrieks as the blows rain down over her face, her head, her body, until the priest gives a sign for the holy chastisement to cease.

It is the white student youth throughout South America and the native and near-white workers in the cities who lead the fight for liberation from the priesthood. The "white" countries—Argentina, Uruguay, Chile—countries with an almost entirely white population and a higher degree of culture and larger contacts with the outside world, are finally shaking off the domination of the Church. And everywhere, even in the benighted interior of the continent, there is an element that feels with these "white" countries and awaits its chance to follow suit.

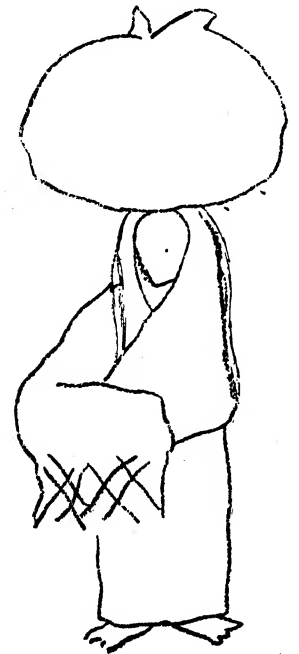
In Peru, ruled by the bigoted dictator Leguia, the Church is still powerful politically and economically. It has a stranglehold on the minds of the poor Indians and the women of

all classes. But the more progressive classes—the university students and the city workers—have shaken off the yoke, at least spiritually. The echoes of the struggle do not often reach the American press. Yet some may recall the events of 1923, when the dictator Leguia, at the request of high church dignitaries, issued a decree purporting to *dedicate Peru to the holy heart of Jesus*. Students called a protest meeting at the San Marcos University in Lima, and with the consent of the faculty declared a general university strike to continue until the decree should be revoked. Mounted police surrounded the meeting place and in the clash that followed several students and policemen were killed and many more wounded. Rumors spread that the monks were shooting at the students from church towers. The workers, organized and unorganized, quit work in support of the students. The dedication to the church was postponed and has never been carried through.

Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Inca empire, presents perhaps a symbolic picture of the decline of Catholic power. This city, the largest in Pre-Colombian America, once inhabited by more than 200,000, now has a population of about 20,000. The shell of the old Catholic grandeur remains—twenty cathedrals and churches and a Catholic university, all built with stones from the old Inca palaces. But the structures are empty, in a state of unspeakable neglect and some of them permanently closed. Yet the black-robed priests are everywhere, here as throughout Peru, living on the labor of the peas-

ants and protected by the government which they in turn support.

On the principal square of La Paz, Bolivia, where the government build-



ings stand, a cathedral is under construction. Incredibly ragged and starved-looking Indians are at work. The cathedral has been in the process of building for more than a hundred years. The oldest portions crumble as the new portions are built. The basis of all faith, too, in Bolivia and Peru and Venezuela crumbles even as the priests and dictators send the ragged Indians and their priests to strengthen it. That basis is the ignorance of the masses, which is giving way as the countries become more industrialized.

In Venezuela the Church is closely allied with dictator Gomez. Under their joint tutelage slavery has been legalized through a "vagrancy law." Anyone caught idling—especially if the idleness be due to a strike—can be arrested and put to forced labor for long and indeterminate periods. At night these "vagrants" are chained to one another and left to rest wherever they happen to be at work. The Church preaches resignation to them.

The Church is tremendously powerful in Colombia. Nothing can be done without the approbation of the bishop, whether it be the securing of a passport or the hiring of relay mules. Though in Brazil it lacks such direct prerogatives, the priesthood is strong through its economic possessions. The large land and coffee plantation owners consider government their exclusive domain, and have forced the Church to keep out of politics. But the de-



DRAWINGS OF MEXICAN INDIANS—By Jean Charlot





DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

### WANHSIEN MASSACRE

**British Tar: That's Union Jack protection, I'll say! A whole Chinese village blown to hell, an' not a scratch on the Reverend!  
Missionary: God, I thank Thee for thy infinite mercy!**

cree passed many years ago separating Church and State in Brazil left the ownership of convents, monasteries, churches, land occupied by religious orders, etc., in the hands of the priests. These large land holdings, and industrial and philanthropic enterprises—including orphan asylums in which child labor contributes to increase the Church's wealth—have helped to consolidate an extra-legal power that is felt everywhere among the poor.

But there is the other side of this picture, in which we are for the present more interested. A large portion of South America has freed itself from Catholic control through methods similar to those now being invoked by Mexico. In Chile, Ecuador, Paraguay, the Church has been effectively curbed.

Two hills dominate Santiago de Chile. From the larger of these, called San Cristobal, an immense Virgin, almost as large as the "Liberty" in New York harbor, overawes the city with the enormous cross it holds aloft. Wherever a vista opens in the

street of Santiago, you see this colossal Virgin. Once a symbol of power, it is now just a historical relic. In 1920, when the liberal bourgeoisie came to power politically, Church and State were finally separated. This change was confirmed by the revolution in 1925, when the army and the workers united to overthrow a short-lived counter-revolt. Priests and nuns no longer direct schools and hospitals. The secular oath is equal to the religious oath and the name of God does not appear in the new constitution.

The Chilean priests still retain some influence among the working girls, whom they organize into Catholic trade unions. They also have a following among those relying upon charity. But the student movement is entirely in the hands of radicals and atheists. The Chilean Federation of Labor is the best organized and largest labor body in South America and is affiliated with the Red Trade Union International of Moscow.

The laws which Mexico is trying to enforce have been in effect in Ecuador for decades. No foreigner

may conduct any religious ceremony. The church property has been confiscated by the State. Divorce is easy. These things are so much a matter of course that there is no longer discussion about them. The Church has been forced to practice some of the resignation it has hitherto preached to others.

The government of Paraguay, that ancient Jesuit Republic, is no longer subservient to the priests. In the capital, Asuncion, a city of 100,000, there are no more than four churches, one of them protestant.

In Uruguay, where one third of the population lives in the capital, Montevideo, the Church is separated from the State and is deprived of all its ancient privileges. It has no political influence or power.

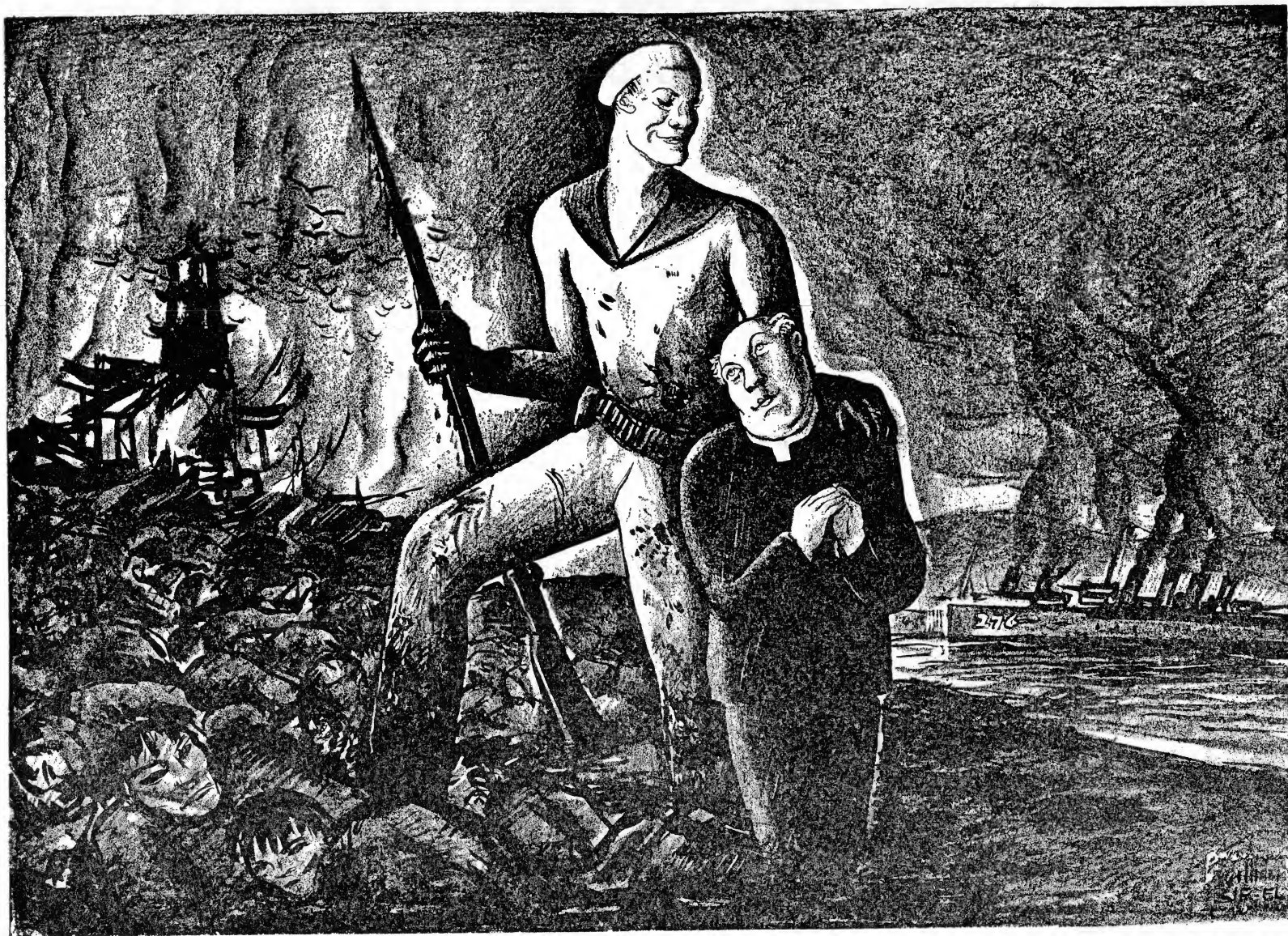
The prestige of Rome suffered seriously in Argentina about two years ago, when the government expelled the papal nuncio, after a protracted quarrel with the Pope. Rome had disregarded the government's wishes in the appointment of the archbishop of Buenos Aires and the expulsion came

as the climax to the ensuing controversy.

These victories against the Church, however, do not anywhere completely eliminate the priests. They are victories in many cases primarily in favor of governments representing the growing industrial and middle classes as against the power of the feudal landowners supported by the Church. And the Indians, so mercilessly exploited by the feudal barons, are still the strongest supports of the Church, the allies of their oppressors. But the young intellectual generation and the workers in the cities lead the struggle against the black gendarmes of the slaveholders, a struggle in which the Mexican situation is but one dramatic episode.

### AUCTION

NEW MASSES will auction (by mail) the original drawing of Albert Weisbord by Gellert which appeared in our October issue. Send bids to 39 West 8th Street before December 3rd and hear the owner proclaimed at our Peasants' Ball.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

### WANHSIEN MASSACRE

British Tar: That's Union Jack protection, I'll say! A whole Chinese village blown to hell, an' not a scratch on the Reverend!  
 Missionary: God, I thank Thee for thy infinite mercy!



# THIS WORLD WE LIVE IN

By RAYMOND FULLER

**HILDESHEIM, 1913**—Strolling along Hanoverstrasse. Footway half the thoroughfare's width. Two Prussian under-officers—sabre, spurs, gray uniforms, red trimmings—emerge from the inn door ahead. Coming steadily along, they elbow me into the gutter, not turning to notice the two words I growl at them. "Prussian arrogance" I learn (a year later).

**ON BOARD P. & O. LINER DILWARRA, 1920**—Just leaving Port Said. Casual converse with Colonel Wilkinson, O. B. M., Horse Guards Club, etc., who mentions that by some mistake no berth has been reserved. Remarks offhand must bunk in smoking room. I offer the empty berth in my cabin. Accepts gratefully, graciously. Days pass. We become acquainted, and mutual interest and curiosity lead us into long talks. He has been in Flanders "in the thickest." Twice horribly wounded. No swank, no boasts, no complaint. Eager for "an American view of things." One day we hit upon the Russian revolution. I mention a conviction that Russia has started on the right road to freedom. He becomes strangely laconic, reserved, silent. . . Hours later discover his luggage removed from my cabin. Next day learn he has slept in smoking room. Upon inquiry of his servant am told: "Colonel Wilkinson sends deep regrets, but obviously can receive no favors from one who sympathizes with his country's enemies." (On arrival in India he becomes Lieutenant-Governor for one of the native provinces.)

**MADRAS, 1920**—Hotel room. My guest, a Hindu merchant, has just given me a \$4,000 order. Suave manners, perfect English, kindly eyes. . . . In terse Tamil he orders the sweeper-coolie (Untouchable) to go fetch a gharry carriage from the bazaar to take him home. Coolie, forehead to floor creeps out backwards. Five minutes later the spaniel-eyed sweeper, salaaming abjectly, reappears. At length heaven-born Mudalier deigns to see him. Reaches into purse and tosses half-anna piece into a far corner, eyes not following the cast. Mudalier rises gracefully, touching head, lips, heart in formal leaving-taking. He departs, shedding about him an aura of dignity like a Moghul prince. . . . The Untouchable slinks in, grovels to the coin and creeps out backwards, salaaming as he goes.

**HONG KONG, 1921**—Have just alighted from funicular to Peak Hotel (1300 feet). Stop to watch line of sweating coolies who have carried from docks sand, bricks, cement, cracked stone, in baskets slung from

shoulder-poles. All of line (28) girls 10 to 14 years old, staggering up a quarter-mile further. Ask companion, resident, if local laws can't stop it. "Bless you, we cawn't do anything. They have to work or they'd starve. Why, all Hong Kong was built this way, houses, terraces, roads. You're in China, not New York."

**TRICHINOPOLY, SOUTHERN INDIA, 1921**—Roof verandah, railway station "hotel." (There are no European hostleries, except tiny Dak Bungalow built by government, four beds, fully besetzt. Evening. Full moon. Heat. Stillness. Towering

Dravidian temple-gates just visible, two miles away. Myself and two young British lieutenants, Intelligence Department, I. A., in deck chairs smoking. Preliminary approaches over, innocuous world-over queries—nationality, occupation, destination—put and answered. Myself venturing: "Ghandi is interesting us Americans."

"Hum, why?"

"Why, er, we imagine he represents a new spirit arising. We——"

"Wish we could locate the beggar just now."

"You English wouldn't jail him, would you?"

"Wouldn't we!"

"What can you Yanks know about our difficulties in India?"

"Little, of course. But isn't Ghandi a high-souled teacher, a leader of these miserable peoples?"

"Hum—the dirty nigger!"

"Dick and I have been following him about for the last six weeks. . . . He's just given us the slip again."

"You mean the authorities mean to put him in prison? Would that be good policy? Aren't you afraid—assuming, of course,——"

The elder who has told of three years in Mesopotamia: "Put him in jail! We will soon."

"But, man, he isn't a revolutionist. He's a pacifist, isn't he?"

Crushing cigarette on chair arm: "Teacher! Pacifist! Do you know what I'd do if I had my way? If I could get hold of that bloody dog, I'd gladly choke him to death with these two hands of mine—that's how I feel about him!"

**PANAMA, C. Z., 1923**—"Native side" of city. Mid-afternoon. Myself stopping two American privates in the narrow winding main street to ask the way to a shop. Cordial greetings, naive interest, sidewalk chat of several minutes. Both of them from Iowa. Offer to guide me to the place. We start along abreast. Twice I fall a step behind to let natives pass us on sidewalk. Notice privates elbow passers into the roadway. On my third attempt, one says, giving me a friendly tip: "Oh, don't get out of the way for them. We never do that for them lazy niggers down here."

## A WARNING TO THE LAZY

If you are too lazy to subscribe, to the NEW MASSES, you may soon be sorry. We are cutting out many of the newsstand distributors, and you may have a hard time getting your copy.

The magazine simply must build up a big subscription list in order to be successful. What's the matter with our readers anyway? Don't they ever have a spare two-dollar bill? Are they all hobos? Even a hobo would panhandle that amount for something he wanted. Or are we making the magazine for a bunch of tin-horns who won't gamble two dollars for a year's excitement?

Wake up; get on the job; mail us that two-spot this minute, or we may shut up shop and leave you flat with only the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Snappy Stories* to read.



DRAWING BY REGINALD MARSH

HELP WANTED



# THE TIRED RADICAL

By WILLIAM GROPPER



①



Aw! You radicals give me a pain!



②



You can't tell me anything! I've been through it all.



③



Jeeze! You're always broke and get into trouble.



④



The question is: Does it pay?

GROPPER

# THE EASTERN BOGEY

By ANATOL LUNACHARSKY\*

Translated by Bessie Weissmann

A NEW intellectual trend is observable in both Berlin and Paris. The war revealed the appalling true face of capitalist civilization and stripped its velvet mask of pretended humanism and Christian hypocrisy. This revelation drove many intellectuals to revolt with horror against the pseudo-culture of Western Europe.

The same war also struck a heavy blow at Europe's economic foundations. It subverted all established forms of mass-consciousness, morale and hope, and today thought in Europe is as distracted as ants in a dug-up ant-hill. Hence the tremendous success of a propaganda prophesying the destruction of European culture. This idea of the termination of Europe, of the decline of the West, is being widely placarded. In Europe I met religious people, mystics, who welcomed this finale as the collapse of rationalism. I met even young communists who talked about the complete destruction of the European world, and who, with a morbid delight worthy of St. Augustine, visualized the imminent onslaught of barbarians crunching the delicate bones of Europeans under their horses' hoofs. These communists appear to repose much less hope in their own proletariat than in those phantom hordes which their imaginations invoke out of Asia.

A new and strange manifestation of this tendency is revealed in Negrophilism, which, far from being a passionate sympathy for the oppressed Negroes in the United States, is nothing more than a faddish craze for Negro thrills. There is little in common between modern jazz and the genuine art of the African Negroes, transmitted to us almost exclusively in the form of wood sculpture—a strong and genuine art. The inundation of Negro operettas and orchestras and the profusion of Negro themes in the music of the most advanced composers is only a result of Europe's intellectual confusion. It is not the healthy primitivism of the African folklore praised by Frobenius, but simply a reflex of the machine tempo of American life. The mobile nature of the Negro, which is more human and jovial than that of the frustrated white bourgeois Yankee, has made him seem primitive by contrast. But in the new Negro craze I believe there is precious little of the early African flavor. This infatuation for the "primitive" Negro is characteristic of the same variegated, noisy confusion which is current in Europe under the obsession of "East replacing the West."

Of course, not all these worshippers of the East are admirers of the Soviet Union. Russia, as a part of the *East*, as something in the nature of an advance guard of *Asia*, is glorified by various factions of this movement, who see the culmination of everything Russian in Dostoyevsky. But, as I have said, there are also people in this movement who enthusiastically welcome the "Soviet phenomenon." In their too-ready acceptance of it, they indulge in the speculation that Bolshevism will be the gospel of the *East* and will be assimilated by hundreds of millions of Asiatics, to serve as the basis of a new Pan-Asiatic and perhaps even Euro-Asiatic culture. At the same time they carefully segregate Western Europe proper, believing that it will find a different path. Other factions of this school view with alarm the spectre of a bolshevized Asia swallowing Europe. Still others yield like martyrs to the deluge and say: "Asia will crush us. In the front of its onslaught will march Soviet Russia. Well, even that is good, if God has so willed!"

All this blatant and noisy crowd of Orientophiles provoke, of course, a ferocious reaction. Recently, for example, Romain Rolland declared that it was necessary to consolidate the

European forces in order to resist the impending Asiatic tide. Romain Rolland is inclined to include Soviet Russia among the Asiatics, and his defence against the Asiatics becomes a defense against bolshevism. There are other defenders of Europe in the name of a queer, silly mysticism, like Count Keyserling; still others, who defend Europe's spirit of exact science, and again those people who envisage Europe as the "Latin genius" and who talk of the necessity of conserving the flame of this "genius" from the yellow simoon sweeping from the East.

Of course, the attitude of Western Europe, towards the Soviet Union is not always discussed under the aspect of this peculiar notion: *Europe or Asia*. But I have observed how frequently the achievements of the great Russian revolution are linked by the Europeans with thoughts and sentiments invariably reflecting the decline of the West. I have spent considerable time trying to explain to many people close to our ideology, including young Communists, the confusion which prevails and continues to befuddle this question. I have insisted that although we Soviet people are geographically on the border of the East and West, we cannot be relegated to either camp by the naive assumptions of these friends and enemies who are entangled in the Euro-Asiatic aberration.

I have said on many occasions that we are by no means opposed to European civilization; that we do not

anathemize Europe; that we do not even believe in its extinction. We believe, however, that what is to happen is the decline of the *bourgeois* civilization in the West. At the root of European capitalist culture lie great principles of science and organization, but these principles have been perverted by capitalism and capitalism is bound to perish. The very democratic principles which blossomed forth in the 19th century will be taken over by the proletariat, for the proletariat is healthy in Europe and will remain faithful to the healthy principles of its brilliant civilization. Flirting with the mystic idea of Asia ill becomes friends of the proletariat and the Russian revolution.

We absolutely repudiate any such line of thought. We are the allies of Asia, i. e., of the whole world of colonial and semi-colonial peoples—the poor masses; we wish to be their leaders in order to destroy capitalism. But our aim is not to Orientalize Europe, but rather to Europeanize Asia. This process will be reciprocal: Europe, after recognizing the Asiatic peoples as their brothers (I speak here of the proletariat of Europe), will be able to borrow from them many cultural values. But the chief influx of cultural contributions will not be from Asia to Europe but vice versa.

We in our Soviet Union, feel ourselves first of all Europeans and, together with small groups of advanced scientists and the proletariat, perhaps the only true Europeans. Our influence upon Europe will consist in destroying her fake Asiatic acquisitions—the decadent mysticisms and passivities of the Keyserlings and Spenglers. We will cleanse Europe, restore her to science, liberate her for a great earthly development.

Yes, we shall rise at the head of Asia. We shall even arm Asia with European thought, but not for the purpose of "crushing her skeleton" with our Scythian embrace, but in order to rescue humanity and Europe from the decay of the capitalist world; in order to free the world from the corruption of those weary defenders of Europeans who thirst for the advent of "Asia."

We must absolutely establish our position in this question and destroy the myth that we are the banner-bearers of a new religion.

We are Europeans, because Marxism is the crown of that tree of knowledge which is called European civilization. We are Asiatics because we want to draw into a general human civilization all peoples outside of Europe. But most of all we are proletarians, revolutionists and the intensest humanists—engaged in the business of remaking human history into a new pattern of solidarity and creative beauty.

## JESSIE JAMES, THE PREACHER'S SON

Jesse James loved God and religion,  
his wife and a farm  
till he couldn't stand them,—  
then his blood got warm  
and his eyes got a beautiful baby stare.  
O, he didn't smoke, drink, chew or swear,  
but he liked to see sweet hell cut loose  
from the sharp blue barrel  
of a smart six shooter.  
(This was Jesse's cure for the blues.)  
He liked to see the red dead head  
of a neat bank clerk roll on the floor,  
then Jesse would pray to God and Jesus  
he wouldn't be a bad boy no more.  
(Jesse James, Jesse James,  
Jesse loved God,  
and God in his heaven  
loved Jesse James.)  
Jesse James loved the little white church  
and the green grass hill where the tombstones grew,  
and a fine store suit like a business man,—  
That's how they got him with a bullet through  
the back of his head and he fell (God knows!)  
all dressed up in his Sunday clothes.  
O, there's no ghost of Jesse James;  
Jesse James has gone to heaven . . .  
Jesse James, Jesse James,  
Jesse loved God,  
and God in his heaven  
loved Jesse James!

Horace Gregory.

\* Commissar of Education in Soviet Russia.

# CROSSING THE ZBRUCH

By I. BABIEL

Translated by Max Eastman

SIXTH-DIVISION Chief reported that Novograd-Volynsk was taken today at dawn. Headquarters left Krapivno, and our wagon-train trailed out, a noisy rear-guard, on the highroad, the unfading highroad from Brest to Warsaw built on mujik-bones by Nicholas the First.

Fields of crimson poppies blossom round us, noon wind plays in the yellowing rye, virgin buckwheat stands on the horizon like the wall of a distant monastery. The quiet Volin winds; Volin goes away from us into a pearly mist of birch groves, she creeps in among the flowering hillocks and gets all tangled up with weakening arms in a jungle of hopvines. An orange sun rolls in the sky like a chopped-off head, a tender light kindles in the canyons of the clouds, and the banners of sunset blow out above our heads. The smell of yesterday's blood and killed horses drips into the evening's cool. The blackening Zbruch roars and twists the foamy knots of its rapids. The bridges are destroyed and we ford the river. A majestic moon lies on the waves. The horses go under the water up to their backs, the singing rapids trickle among hundreds of horse-legs. Somebody is drowning and loudly curses the mother of God. The river is strewn with black squares of the wagons, it is full of boom, whistle and song, ringing over moony snakes and shining pits.

Late at night we reach Novograd. I find a pregnant woman in the quarters assigned to me, and two red-headed Jews with thin necks; a third is already asleep, covered up from head to foot, next to the wall. I find ransacked bureaus in the room assigned to me, scraps of woman's fur coats on the floor, human dung and fragments of a sacred vessel used by the Jews once a year—at Easter.

\* This story is from a book called "Cavalry"—or rather "Horse-Army"—which has been the literary sensation of 1926 in Russia. The author served as a "Political Commissar" in Budenny's Red Cavalry Brigade in the war against Poland.

"Clean it up," I say to the woman. "How dirty you live, folks!"

The two Jews spring up. They jump about on felt soles and clean up the fragments from the floor, they jump in silence, monkeyish, like Japanese at the circus, their necks swell and twist. They spread me a split perina and I lie down by the wall, next to the third Jew who is already asleep. Frightened poverty closes down instantly over my couch.

The silence kills all, and only the moon, clasping in blue arms her round gleaming careless head, tramps about under the window. I knead my numb legs, I lie down on the ripped quilt and fall asleep. I dream of Sixth-Division Chief. He races on a heavy stallion after the Brigade-Commander and gives him two bullets in the eyes. The bullets pass through the head of the Brigade-Commander and both his eyes fall on the ground.

"Why did you turn back the brigade?" shouts Sixth-Division Chief Savitzky to the wounded man—and here I wake up, because the pregnant woman is groping with her fingers over my face.

"Mister," she says to me, "you're crying in your sleep and tossing. I'll spread your bed in another corner because you jog my papa . . ."

She lifts from the floor her thin legs and round belly, and removes a blanket from the sleeper. A dead old man lies there, thrown flat on his back. His throat is torn out, his face chopped in half, blue blood lies on his beard like a piece of lead.

"Mister," says the Jewess, and shakes the *perina*, "the Poles butchered him and he prayed to them: 'Kill me in the back yard, so my daughter won't see me die.' But they did as they found convenient. He died in this room and thought of me. And now I want to know"—the woman spoke suddenly with terrible force—"I want to know where else in the earth you'll find a father like my father."

ten-, fifteen-, and twenty-dollar seats only shouted for it.

About fifteen million other Americans listened in on the radio. Six hundred professional and amateur journalists sent two million words by telegraph and crowded out everything else from the next day's papers. The telegraph companies installed 190 special wires at the ringside for their use. Anyone who did not get the fight, punch by punch, has only himself to blame. It was a sadists' holiday in which a whole nation took part.

More than that, it was a perfect demonstration of three great industries—press, radio and sports—working together to create, and then supply, a monster demand for their products. Interest in the bout was stimulated to the point of hysteria. The stadium would have been filled had it been three times as large.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight was a dramatic example of the prodigious American appetite for sport spectacles. The pugilistic records are matched by baseball, football, tennis and other news-fed sports. Attendance is limited only by seating capacity. Hugh Fullerton, a sports writer, figures that 12,000,000 saw the activities of the two major and twenty-six minor baseball leagues in one season; and 20,000,000 more paid to see college football.

These were only the direct spectators. The rest of the population gobbles up the newspapers. Sporting news sells more papers than any other

two subjects put together, not excluding sex crimes.

What does it all signify?

Those who profit from commercialized sports want us to accept the millionfold audiences and special sporting extras as signs of a passionate interest in physical development and prowess. And what an outlet for patriotism!

*We* have swum the English Channel and *we* have won the Davis Cup and *we* were the first to reach the North Pole by sea and by air; *we* stopped Carpentier and Firpo from carrying the pugilistic championship out of the country.

The truth is, the natural healthy play instinct is being atrophied in the American. He is content to take exercise by proxy. He has been educated to prefer seeing a game to playing one. Only on the rare occasions when he helps kill an umpire does he participate in the sports himself. For the rest he just exercises his emotions and his vocal cords.

The American worker is erudite in sporting "records" and the biographies of the champs, but he thinks almost not at all about the industrial exploitation and political looting of which he is the victim.

This will be a sports-loving country only when the masses learn to play and win for themselves the margin of leisure necessary for play. Until then all the fistic bouts and trained-seal exhibitions on the court or diamond will remain sedatives and soporifics, mere smoke screens to hide their wage slavery from the masses.

## BREAD AND CIRCUS

By Eugene Lyons

THE Sesquicentennial Celebration in Philadelphia will be remembered, if at all, as the place where 135,000 Americans sat through a rainstorm to see two heavyweight bruisers do their stuff. The 10 per cent. rake-off on the gate receipts may rescue the Sesqui from bankruptcy. George Washington saved our country and Tex Rickard saved our Sesquicentennial.

The patriots paid a total of \$2,000,000 to Rickard and the ticket scalpers. With night, distance and curtains of rain between them and the spectacle, they got little for their money, except the thrill of losing themselves in a mass emotion. The crowd of millionaires, politicians, "sportsmen" and reporters at the ringside saw blood, but the rabble in the



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

CHEATED!

Red Cross Workers learn that damage in Florida wasn't as bad as at first reported.





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DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

## TRIBUTE

Bystander: He's on the square, he is! When he promises—he makes good! Voted for 'im five elections runnin', an got my five-spot every time. Honesty pays, say I.

## IN DEFENSE OF DAUGHERTY

**D**URING the trial of Harry Daugherty and Thomas W. Miller, in which noses were poked into the speedy return of seven million dollars to a German firm, with incidental leakage, a number of things have been said which might appear slightly damaging if one were fussy. But regardless of the decision of judges and juries one way or the other, we decline to think ill of the former Attorney General and we vote for his acquittal on these grounds.

Daugherty was charged with being a party to a conspiracy "to deprive the government of his disinterested services." This is manifestly silly, for Harry never gave disinterested services to anything or anybody in all his busy life.

By his own confession Merton gave somebody a fee for getting his claim put through. The word of a briber and a German is no good and therefore he never bribed anybody. Besides, the money all ended up in the hands of the lawyers.

The funds of the Alien Property Custodian were all stolen from the Germans anyway. Giving any of it back was an act of quixotic honesty rare in public life.

If the records in Brother Mal's bank were burned, what of it? That

was merely a prudent desire to conserve our fuel supply as commanded by Secretary Hoover.

Daugherty's prosecutor was Buckner, the notorious padlocker, who has put many a thirsty New Yorker to the grave inconvenience of walking another block for his hooch.

The real culprits, if any, were John T. King and Jess Smith, gentlemen who have since kindly died.

While Attorney General, Daugherty saved us from revolution and bloodshed by nipping plots every Tuesday and Thursday, weather permitting. If there was a shortage of plots to nip, he generously provided them himself. The hand that saved the nation had a right to pick its pockets.

Daugherty was a member of the Ohio Gang and of the Best Minds Poker, Patriotic and Pleasure Club. He should be freed under the statute of imitations and not judged by the straight-laced standards of propriety prevailing in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Daugherty gave his country Warren Gamaliel Harding. Any lesser crime he may have committed would be a ridiculous anticlimax.

Howard Brubaker

## HELL IN SIBERIA

**W**HEN God made the River Tom in that neck of the woods called Siberia, He planted an island with sand and bushes and all, right close to where Kuzbas now digs at His seams of coal.

Siberian summers, thank God, are as hot as the place where the bad folks go. And so the Kuzbas workers, when the whistle blows, "knock-off" four times a day, beat it for the

Tom and swim across to the island.

Sundays it is like Rockaway there. The whole crowd is splashing up the water, mom, pop and the kids, the coal digger and the white-collar manager; and—would you believe it—there are few bathing suits.

*Most of the swimmers are nude!*

I lay under the shade of a bush one Sunday, digesting three hard boiled eggs, and wondering what God

thought of it all.

The sun went down, and my stomach and mind turned to solemn things. So many nude swimmers. What a chance for the Watch and Ward Society of America!

The grandest opportunity ever offered an American Puritan, and not a single one around!

Here's a town, I'm telling you, where 90% of the population could

be put in jail for obscenity! And the smut-hounds so far away!

The night came, I digested the eggs, and shed a tear for America. Then I stripped everything for a last obscene dip in the obscene River Tom. Oh God, not an American around! And I nude, and everyone else nude as Adam and Eve. Yes, sir, it was just hell!

Tom Barker

## COWBOY AT BOURNEMOUTH

**I**F AMERICANS resent being called cowboys, why was W. L. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters and Joiners of America, allowed to go to the British Trades Union Congress at Bournemouth as A. F. of L. delegate?

Apparently no one could have upheld that romantic, although somewhat contemptuously barbarous, appellation better than Brother Hutcheson. Not that he wore fringed leather breeches. Or tried to lasso his audience. But the contrast between his complacent platitudinous utterances—of the sort that have characterized the A. F. of L. since its birth — and the air of gravity which weighed on the rank and file delegates due to the British post-General Strike situation, was as sharp as if he had actually appeared in full Wild West regalia.

His speech was not extemporaneous. But it was as uninspired and devoid of ideas as the smokingroom talk of a shoe-salesman. What a contrast to the intelligence and vigor of the miners' delegates!

He delivered several gems of A. F. of L. philosophy. Said he:

"We in America have no antipathy against a man because he happens to be in the capitalist class—so long as he doesn't object to our methods of improving our class."

But he didn't proceed to point out any shining examples in that cate-

gory. Instead, he promptly pulled out another dazzling paste jewel:

"Workers should be paid, not an existing wage, but a saving wage, on which they can not only provide for themselves and their dependents, but for luxuries and pleasures and still save for a rainy day, unemployment and old age."

Mr. Hutcheson, with a \$10,000 salary and a car of his own, in which he had impressed Europeans that one man is as good as another in this country, could afford to be optimistic. But the miners, who had been seeing their wives and children in the throes of hunger since the first of May, were not visibly chirped up by that good-natured pat on the back.

Mr. Hutcheson, personally and officially, was out of tune with the General Strike. He was even less concerned with it than was the Trades Union Congress' General Council itself—for he had nothing to cover up—not even an intelligence.

Mr. Hutcheson rose to the very peak of Rotarian eloquence when he attempted to thank the Congress' chairman and president of the General Council, Arthur Pugh, for the customary engraved gold watch and Congress medal.

"This mark of friendliness on the part of the British trade unions is—most unexpected!" he blurted out.

Grace Poole





DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

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THE BIRTH OF A NEW WORLD—A COOPERATIVE TRIBUTE BY HUGO GELLERT, WILLIAM GROPPER, I. KLEIN, LOUIS LOZOWICK AND WILLIAM SIEGEL.





THE BIRTH OF A NEW WORLD—A COOPERATIVE TRIBUTE BY HUGO GELLERT, WILLIAM GROPPER, I. KLEIN, LOUIS LOZOWICK AND WILLIAM SIEGEL.



# PIONEERS

By JAMES RORTY

## LET US PLANT LILACS

Let us plant lilacs, let us stain  
Once more these lands with the new blood  
Of an old desire . . . Pardon, O earth,  
The seed that failed, the seed that wandered, soon  
Lilacs will blaze by the door, the bees will swing  
Heavy with honey the small pink bells of the columbine, their  
steady ritual will drown  
The question of this silence; the poised hawk will hear these  
long-forgotten fields,  
America, America  
Mewing in birth . . . and this will be our home.

## THE UNDYING

My grandfather feared God, he was a fool and my great-grand-  
mother washed her hands of him.  
He moved to the next township, the scale  
Consumed his fruit trees, and his gaunt face was God-de-  
voured like a wormy apple.  
He feared God and his neighbors; at forty he raped the school  
teacher, found hell at last, and died  
Raving in the asylum; my great-grandmother  
Had a cow once that went wild from browsing mountain laurel.  
She brought up the child, saying nothing.

My great-grandmother had large hands and a deep voice when  
she called Gee and Haw to the plow-oxen.

It was wilderness then, and there was no church; my great-  
grandmother

Asked no questions and told no lies; in winter the snow

Drifted to the eaves, my great-grandmother smoked a long  
pipe, nursing her four-months child; she laughed

Hearing a lone wolf howl from the swamp, and in the Spring

A new child wailed in the night while the peepers chanted.  
My great-grandmother had sixteen children; in age she with-  
ered sweet

And hard like a snow-apple, an old queen-witch who played  
mid-wife to three townships, she wore

A man's hip-boots; one winter night, hearing a rumor of birth  
on a far-distant farm, she trudged

Ten miles over drifted roads; she was old but not tired, she  
was in sight of the house when she broke

Through the crust; did she call? The wind had risen and no  
one heard; like an old vixen she

Dug herself in beneath the low pine branches . . .

Old women moan toward death in houses, preachers pray, but  
my great-grandmother

Smiled in her last sleep. Nothing in nature, not the winter  
night,

Windy and fierce with stars was great enough  
To pity her . . .

She was eighty years old, it was she who planted  
The huge old maple by the barn, that tumbled mound  
fragrant with lilacs—that is where the house

Once stood; her tiger lilies have gone wild, in June they  
spread a fierce

Flame over all the meadow.

My father was Irish-Spanish; he was made flesh  
By an old Word calling forever from the hills  
Of that strange island, an old Word  
Greater than all the churches, fierce, immaculate

Calling for freedom, justice, love, wild things unseen,  
Haunting the earth and burning in the mind; hearing that  
Word, my father  
Stood up in the church, the great Word crying through my  
father's lips "Unclean!"  
Left home and kinsfolk, a tense white youth riding the Atlan-  
tic in the hold of a cattle boat;  
Irish, Spanish, American, a tall dark man handsomer than the  
priest, striding the streets of an American mill-town in a  
tall hat and no child daring to throw a snow-ball;  
A mocking atheist who married the great-daughter of that old  
witch and had seven children by her;  
A Fenian, a rebel, a Knight of Labor, a Free-Silverite, a child,  
credulous, untouched  
A cheerful blasphemer who said that Darwin was God and  
God Darwin and the rest didn't matter;  
A brave, generous, lonely man, companioned only by the  
Word; I give him all my love.

## OUT OF THE EARTH

Out of the earth, and the Word that is not of earth, my love.  
Neither from the earth or from the Word shall I find mercy;  
did my father or my mother or her mother's mother ever  
ask for mercy?

Let us plant lilacs; not my hand but the hand of my great-  
grandmother drives the spade and holds the plough,

Not my voice, but the deep voice of that old witch, my great-  
grandmother cries now the Word of my father.

Let us plant lilacs, there is too much death in this land, there  
is too much winter;

Let us plant lilacs in the jail-yards, let us throw open the jail-  
gates, why should there be jails in this land that I love?

Let us plant lilacs in the factories; are they not ours to make  
plenty for our children and our children's children?

Let us plant lilacs in the churches, they are old and musty, why  
should there be little churches in a great land?

Not peace, but a sword, let us make a quick death of the God-  
devoured, the wealth-ridden, the mercy-seekers.

Not theirs, this America; Pioneers, O pioneers, let us plant  
lilacs, let us cleanse with a Spring fragrance this land that  
we love.

Out of the earth our love; out of the earth and out of the Word  
that is not of earth, our love.

## WALL MOTTO

Love, O ye striplings, only love!  
By simple algebra I can prove  
The goblins'll get you if you do not love!  
Love, for I swear your soul's increase  
Rests wholly with your love's release.  
Then love, and by your passionate haste  
Rebuke your forebears' bitter waste  
Who, when the flower of youth was blown  
Went mad for beauty that they had not known.  
The law? That too you'll one day learn  
From love's own lips—but you must burn  
Smudge fires never; in broad daylight  
Join love's processional, and through the night  
Burn insolent candles . . . Some sweet day  
You will wake laughing, and you'll say  
"Eternally right the pollen-bearing bee;  
"Eternally wrong the parson and his fee."

# "THE BEGINNING OF A FINE WORLD"

By JOSEPH FREEMAN \*

**S**LOPING immense on either side of the Kura, the Caucasus mountains raise their green backs to the sky. The river flows muddy, loaded deep with avalanches of dust and rock. It twists abruptly at a hundred points, narrow from bank to bank, angular from town to town, till it reaches a plain deep in the heart of the mountains where it divides into two parts the ancient city of Tiflis.

The cobbled streets rumble under the soviet-starred tramway. The streets wind and slope like the back alleys of Paris. The main avenue, wide and fresh with full-blown trees, glides majestically from name to name, starting as the Prospect Rustaveli and ending as Lenin Street. The eyes of a dozen races pass each other under the Asiatic sunlight. The dark Georgian, his handsome face marked by a thin mustache, marches proudly in his belted blouse and soft high boots. The hook-nosed Armenian, sad and cunning like a Jew, carries his battered briefcase to the Commissariat where he serves the working class as head book-keeper. Russians with naked heads shaved for the summer, and white high-collared blouses, read *Rabotchaya Pravda* on the benches in front of the Workers' Cooperative Restaurant. Soldiers of the Red Army in light khaki uniforms and little red stars on their caps, rub shoulders with beautiful women, mountaineers driving small donkeys, and old beggars. The sun shines lazily on the white walls of the houses; the air is languid with summer's perfume. British leather puttees twinkle on the legs of Soviet journalists. German and American salesmen, visiting the agricultural exhibition, carry their fedora hats in their hands, swinging along to the State Bank to cash their express checks.

Lenin's face looks down from every wall; the shop windows are full of lithographs: Stalin, Zinoviev, Narimanoff Narimanovitch Narimanoff. Red soldiers march in the rain singing the victory of the workers. Yes, comrade, things are going good: the counter-revolution is liquidated; there is plenty of food; we are building a hydro-electric station of 32,000 horse power; wait till we get machines humming in these mountains.

Comrade Stalin came to Tiflis. He couldn't be seen; he refused to see any journalists. One of the leading Party editors was just turned away. Comrade Stalin was here only for repose. Maybe he will speak at the Party plenum this afternoon; maybe at the opera tonight. As a matter of

fact Comrade Stalin addressed the question. . . . Can Pilsudski, can the motley Pilsudski crowd solve these contradictions? Can this petit-bourgeois group solve the labor question?"

"The Polish State," Comrade Stalin said in part, "has entered on a phase of complete disintegration. The financial system is breaking down. The zloty is falling. Industry is crippled. The non-Polish nationalities are being suppressed, and above, in the circles of the ruling classes, there prevails a perfect orgy of fraud and embezzlement, as is quite openly admitted by representatives of all factions in the Seim. . . . These contradictions are connected with three main questions: the labor question, the peasant question, and the national

Comrade Stalin answered this question in the negative, pointing out that after defeating the bourgeoisie militarily, the Pilsudski group would cling to its coat-tails politically and would become the representative of Chauvinism and fascism.

I ran into an old princess in a workers' restaurant. Her daughter was working there as a waitress. She tried to sell me Georgia's ancient glories. Her family furnished Geor-

gia's kings; her family was four hundred years older than the Romanoffs. "Go to see Mzche, our ancient capital; see our beautiful churches; we were Christians long before the Russians." An old princess living on the stale dreams of a dead day-before-yesterday.

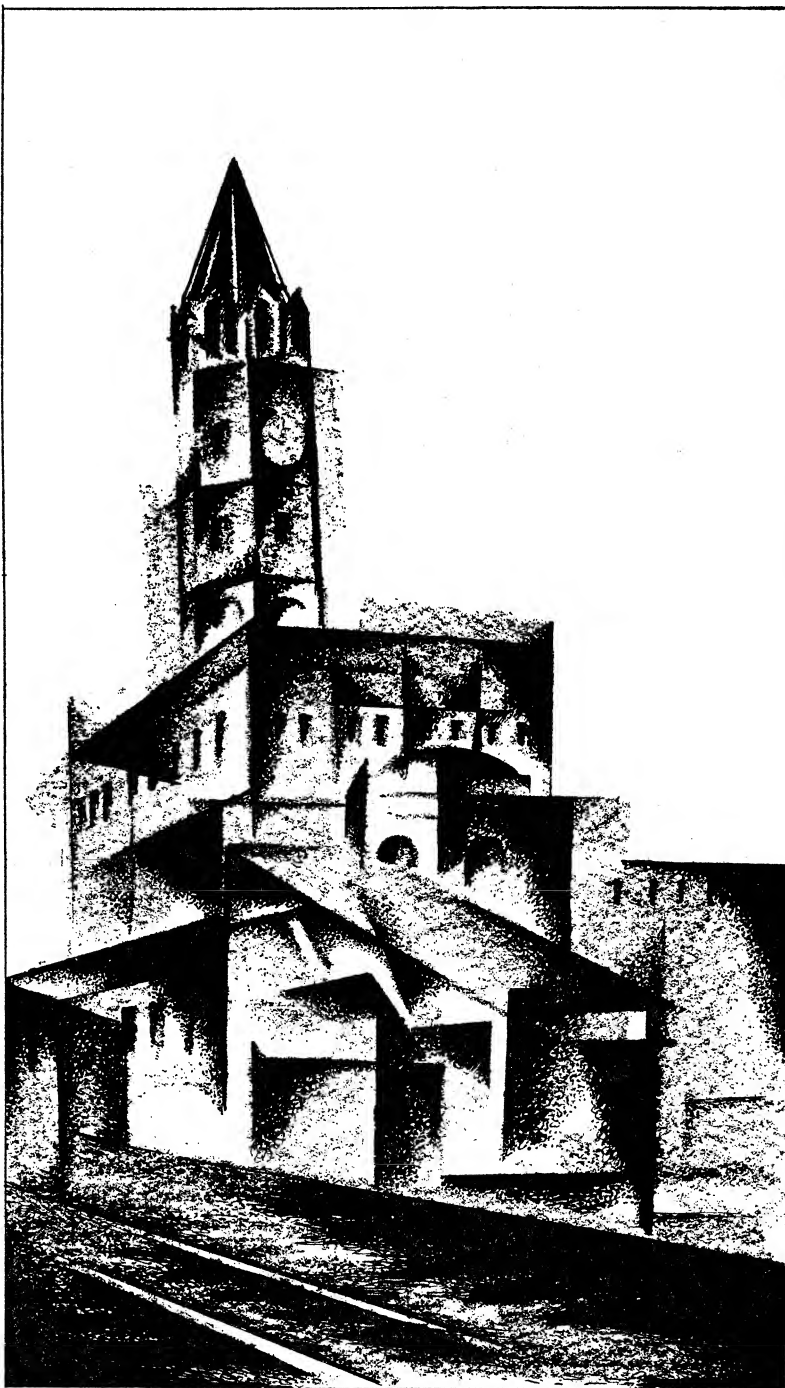
In a newspaper office a member of the old intelligentsia was pouring out his nationalist soul. "You must hear our wonderful national songs; you must see the *Lesginka*, our national dance; the boys move their feet like lightning, the rest of the body is still. Our poet Rustaveli ranks with Dante and is better than Byron. Our manners are perfect; we know how to sing and dance, how to entertain guests. You must give the bolsheviks credit. They have solved the national question in the Caucasus; they allow us to develop our own language and culture."

The opera at night was jammed with workers who came to honor Stalin. Orchestra, boxes and five balconies were dark with Georgian, Armenian and Russian faces. Voices under the bright lights carried on small talk, the Georgian syllables singing like the swish of cymbals. Stalin is a Georgian; he is the "native son"; the shop windows are full of lithographs of Stalin dressed in a white blouse, legs crossed in Caucasian boots, his eyes half-closed, a cigarette in his hand.

Someone in the opera spies him as he enters the box. Stalin! Stalin! Stalin! The opera is on its feet, hands thunder applause, voices cry: Speech! Speech!

Stalin does not move. He sits half-hidden by Tiflis Soviet officials who smile behind their beards. After ten minutes' applause Stalin rises. His cheeks are red, his body stocky; a black mustache hangs over his robust smile; his eyes are half-closed. He bows slowly, full of reserve and dignity. He bows slowly and says nothing. He sits down. The audience shouts louder and louder. *Prosim!* The applause rises and falls like a storm. Stalin rises in his box. He slowly takes out a watch from the breast-pocket of his white blouse. He points to the watch, then to the stage; he sits down without saying a word. The crowd yells and applauds. Suddenly, a young bull-necked comrade in the orchestra shouts "*Davolno!*" (Enough). The applause stops abruptly. The crowd sits down in silence. The curtain rises. A large chorus of men and women, dressed in bright colors, bursts into the *International*.

The next day I ran into Comrade X. His face was thin and pale. His



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

SOUKHAROV TOWER—MOSCOW

\* Tiflis, October, 1926.





DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

**SOUKHAROV TOWER—MOSCOW**



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

**SOUKHAROV TOWER—MOSCOW**



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

## THE SOVEREIGN POWER RETURNS TO THE PEOPLE

head was shaved clean like an American salesman's chin. He said nothing about ancient royal capitals and national dances. Comrade X. was a bolshevik with little interest in the past. He said at once: "Have you seen our workers' homes and clubs? have you seen our factories? have you seen our hydro-electric station?" In ten minutes Comrade X. and the Armenian editor of the Party paper and I were shooting along the Prospect Rustavelli in a new Dodge driven by a Ukrainian comrade. A few blocks down we picked up another comrade, a Russian mechanic. At a crossing a large touring car rushed toward us. The militiaman on duty raised his club, stopped the large car and let us pass first. "He stopped the commissar of the militia," Comrade X. said, smiling.

We arrived at the hydro-electric station, straddling the muddy twisted Kura. It was built by German and Georgian engineers with Soviet money. The concrete dams and walls looked solid and clean. Big chunks of iron lay around, marked as coming from the Putilov works in Leningrad. Comrade X. pointed proudly

to the immense turbines sloping up to the bank.

"This hydro-electric station is 32,000 horse power," said Comrade X. "It will supply Georgia with light and power. We'll be able to run more factories, to raise the cultural level of the workers and peasants. This will be a new city in ten years."

Opposite the hydro-electric station was a little peninsula on the river Kura. It was so close you could see how old the houses were that sloped up the hill. A little white church, stained blue and green with age, lifted its delicate spire above the wooden roofs.

"That," said Comrade X. "is Mzche the original capital of Georgia where the first kings ruled."

A curious picture of Georgia's history: an old aristocrat wanted to show me the ancient seat of her forefathers; a nationalist intellectual wanted to show me Georgian national dances; a communist showed me the hydro-electric station. Here it stood strong and new opposite the crumbling houses of Mzche.

We had dinner at Zachar Zacharovich's. On the walls of Zachar's

house hung photographs of Georgian warriors and dancers—gallant fellows, standing, sitting, riding horses; the breast pockets of their long coats full of cartouches; their belts crossed by poignards; their mustaches long and black. Among the mélange of photographs was a young face without a mustache. It was different from all the other faces on the wall. It was a photograph, as a young student, of Lenin.

We ate in the garden under a tree. The Armenian comrade, round-faced, with a little paunch and a goatee, ordered Georgian cheese salad, *shash-leek*, wine and lemonade. We drank to the Soviet republic, to the communist international, to the workers of the world.

"Tell me, comrade," said the Armenian editor, "is there a good communist press in America? How much did you pay for your coat? Are there many unemployed there? How about the recognition of Soviet Russia?"

A big black dog squatted on the grass beside our table. The Armenian editor fed him soft Georgian bread and asked questions about American skyscrapers, machines, immigrant life, labor organizations, the communist movement. The high mountains halfhid the sky behind him. He mixed

his wine with lemonade and observed that no wise man ought to marry. He had a wife and three children.

We went to the Central Workers' Club. In one room there was a meeting. The presidium sat on a platform at a table covered with a red cloth. They took notes and rang the bell for order and drank water out of a glass pitcher. In the library the secretary of the club showed us the book-shelves: fourteen thousand books. A group of non-party volunteers were working on a card catalogue. The door to the Lenin corner was closed. Through the glass one could see Lenin's bust on a shelf. A group of young workers read quietly at a table. In another room they were showing a movie. Movies are free for workers four times a week.

At the industrial exposition we picked up a young Hungarian comrade, a political émigré. The booths were full of Diesel engines, American tractors, printing presses. A Georgian peasant and his wife were examining a German oil lamp.

"You have the technique," said Comrade X. to me, "and we have a workers' and farmers' government. When we have the technique and you have also a workers' and farmers' government it will be the beginning of a fine world."

## IS THIS "EDUCATION"?

LAST year at this time I was interviewing students in Russian educational institutions. At the moment I am meeting students in Canada. The difference between the two groups is astonishing.

Russian students are keen, informed, alive. Canadian students are just like college students in the United States.

Yesterday I spoke with two juniors in the Art College, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. They were taking 16 hours a week: 4 hours of English (Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, "and other fossils" as one of them phrased it); 4 hours of English Constitutional History; 4 hours of French (third year, French romantic literature); and 4 hours of Philosophy. Half of this last course was devoted to Social Psychology; the other half to Plato and Aristotle.

The "lecture method" was used in teaching (a method abandoned in Russia); the professor talks and the students yawn, doze and take notes.

I brought out these facts by careful questioning. After Russia it felt like a visit to the Assyrian Babylonian section of a Museum. The air was dank, musty, stale.

Here was youth, enthusiasm, idealism, face to face with a barrage of ancient, meaningless twaddle, badly presented.

What was the effect?

"Don't you ever take more than 16 hours?" I asked.

"We don't take any more than we have to."

"Why do you take any of it?"

"To get a degree, to get a job. You can't teach without it!"

"How did you come to pick this course?"

"Oh, we have little choice. Where we do choose, we take the subjects that require the least exertion."

"Is that the way you feel toward your work?"

"Yes, bored indifference about expresses it."

These young people had studied English for eleven years. They could not write. They were in a "history seminar" but they had no historic perspective. They had had eight years of French and could neither speak nor read it. They were studying "philosophy" and were bored to extinction with life.

This, in Canada and the U. S. A., is called "education." Taking young, hopeful creatures, and drugging them with scholastic dope until boredom and indifference dominate their lives at twenty. Then people want to know whether the present system will "work"!

Scott Nearing





DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

**THE SOVEREIGN POWER RETURNS TO THE PEOPLE**

# PAJAMA PARTIES LACK REMORSE

## CLERICS URGE MORE MENTAL ANGUISH FOR UNDERGRADUATE SINNERS

By CHARLES W. WOOD

THE Episcopalians have decided that the more delicious sins of youth and sex shall not be indulged in except through the payment of a fairly reasonable price in spiritual suffering. Our younger generation, it has been decreed, must be provided with a conscience; and steps have already been taken to so provide it. It has none today; and while it isn't sinning on a larger scale than previous younger generations, it is getting altogether too much fun per sin. A conscience, the elder brethren admit, will not keep it from sin; but it will give each sin a bad taste and make the sinners sorry, from time to time, that they indulged in it. Hence, a call has been issued by the high-churchmen to mobilize the spiritual forces in America, to ascertain what became of the Christian conscience and to get it back immediately on its old job of spoiling the fun.

All this has been featured in the newspapers during the past several weeks; but the story was told in such piece-meal fashion that many readers may have missed its full significance.

The first stories alleged that an article in an Episcopal Church publication had made the charge that there was more or less immorality among the undergraduates of our colleges, that drinking was not altogether unknown among them, that petting parties had been indulged in and that upon *one* big excursion from *somewhere* to *somewhere*, although there were members of both sexes present, everything wasn't exactly as in Sunday school.

This news, naturally, fell as a bombshell upon peaceful, pastoral America, and the wires were kept hot calling up College Presidents throughout the land. The College Presidents, however, rose as one man to denounce the story as a libel. Not one of them, it seems, had ever been invited to a petting party; and while they were in almost daily contact with the student body, they had never observed it swilling gin. They were prepared to state, therefore, that the writer of this article was an ignoramus and a liar, only seeking notoriety.

This, of course, quieted America, but it peeved the writer. He was, it seems, a serious-minded Christian who had not intended to be sensational. He had simply been perturbed. He had tried to be a good fellow in college himself, and he had just recently got out; but he was always running up against high jinks that, liberal as he was, seemed to be

going altogether *too* far. No, he would not mention names and dates; but he *would* say, in answer to the charge that he didn't know what he was talking about, that on one occasion, to his own personal knowledge, the boys and girls on a certain "Football Special" got so lit up with either gin or victory that they danced together in their pajamas in the Pullman aisles.

The newspapers, naturally, in the pursuit of public duty, had to verify this. They had to learn the exact who and when and where. And by their usual third degree methods, they were finally able to tell a breathless world that (it was alleged) the allegations directly referred to a certain Red Grange celebration indulged in by undergraduates of the University of Illinois.

But you haven't heard the half of it, dearie. According to the story that now came out, the pajama dancing was only a preliminary. The big event was an epidemic of amnesia: for several of the male students (it was alleged that somebody alleged) became so absent-minded that they could not find their way back to their own berths.

Unfortunately, that was such wonderful news, in the sight of editors, that the continuity of the story was now somewhat lost. The public, apparently, had got what it wanted. If there were any goings-on among our present-day young people, the main thing necessary was to get enough of the undressed details so that each repressed soul could fill out the picture to suit himself. It was nice to know that such things could happen. On

the other hand, it was necessary to know just where it happened and when, so that parents might understand what college not to send their own particular daughters to.

At any rate, friends and alumni of the University of Illinois seemed to imagine that the whole thing was intended as a reflection upon their Alma Mater. And it wasn't so intended. The author of the article and the editor of the Episcopal publication did their best to correct any such interpretation. They had intended, they proclaimed, merely to convey the information that the youth of today are becoming shameless in their sins, whereas the youth of other days were uniformly ashamed of themselves when caught.

Anyone who intends to participate in the coming crusade must keep this point in mind. There is not *more* immorality today, the devout editor of the religious journal has explained, than there was when he himself attended college. In fact, he was quoted as saying, there couldn't be. *But the attitude toward immorality has changed.* When students sinned in the old days, they seemed to realize fully how sinful it all was. They lied about it. They covered it up. They carried their sins around with them, hoping that Jesus would forgive them some day but not too soon; and they were tortured always by the fear of the dire consequences if anybody should ever find them out.

It did not occur to them to learn how to sin, so that there wouldn't be any consequences. They might ruin a lady now and then, but they had too much moral sense to ad-

vocate birth control. They didn't know what this thing was that was always driving them to act as they were always resolving not to act. They sinned, then, only when they were desperate; but, under the circumstances, they were usually desperate.

When a college girl sinned in the old days, she usually left college. Boys might sin and stick it out, but the boys didn't have so much to worry about. And the girl, when she left college, did not go home. That was worse yet. Her own people were the last ones on earth that she would want to tell her troubles to. But in all college towns there were houses where fallen girls could make a living. Life was hell in such houses; but it was the best arrangement, all around, which a sinful world with a conscience could provide.

Today there are few such houses. There is no more sin, remember, than there was before; but the girls of today, it is alleged, seem to be taking it in their stride. They aren't sorry. They aren't ashamed. They go hilariously on the Football Specials; and whether they dance with the boys in their pajamas depends entirely upon whether they want to or not. And as for amnesia, I take it, that does not worry them. If any forgetful youth gets into a berth where he isn't wanted, they seem to feel that they can throw him out. In the old days, on a Football Special, they might be wanted ever so much and never come. The only way a girl could have company on a Pullman ride in those days was to get herself kidnapped on some occasion when she was so all wrought up that she didn't know what she was doing; and the price for that, it was agreed all around, was that she should spend the rest of her days in a bawdy house.

I do not wonder that the clergy are distressed by this awful change that has come over our Christian society. And they are taking the right methods, I think, in their effort to bring back the good old times. They have put their finger on the very cause of all the trouble. They are blaming modern education itself—the teaching of modern psychology, of behaviorism especially, and of all the other sciences based upon observation instead of upon superstitious fear.

Such an education, they perceive, destroys the moral sense; and, while youngsters with moral sense are as rotten as any, those without it are having altogether too good a time.



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

"Hey, don't you see that sign: 'Reserved for ladies?'"  
 "I can't see the teensiest, weensiest reason why I shouldn't sit here?"



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

"Hey, don't you see that sign: 'Reserved for ladies?'"  
"I cahn't see the teensiest, weensiest reason why I shouldn't sit here?"



# JOHN L. LEWIS—SCAB

By MARTIN CONROY

AMERICA's big coal strike is due next April. No anthracite stoppage this time, but a blood-and-iron bituminous *Strike!* On April 1 the futile Jacksonville agreement ends and the union will have to fight or accept a drastic reduction in wages—no mere ten percent. Also the Open Shop, in all but a few isolated fields.

The big coal operators have decided that the United Mine Workers must pass out of their industry as the Amaglamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers have all but disappeared from Steel.

Fifty years fighting for unionism in the coal villages leads to the climax of 1927. Molly McGuire, Ludlow, Cabin Creek, Cliftonville, Fanny Sellins (with the blood on her gray hair), Mother Jones, are all chapter headings on the way to the greater labor war emergency of the coming year.

It is inconceivable to think of John L. Lewis as the victorious general of this fight. His victories have never been in the strike trenches, with the rank and file—only in conventions, with his payroll machine. But the operators will be beaten only on the picket lines that will stretch from the plains of Kansas to the northern Appalachians. Into this picture John L. Lewis does not fit and the progressive miners are going into the December elections with the intention of chucking him and saving the union by electing John Brophy.

John L. Lewis, the enemy within the lines, is a hard-boiled union wrecker—the most sinister figure in the American labor movement. We grant him his boosters. Lots of them. International organizers getting ten dollars a day and hotel expenses (steak for breakfast), to repeat like a litany over the cigars in the small coal town lobbies, such lines as this: "John L. Lewis is the greatest labor leader in the world."

And over a bigger cigar, in a bigger hotel, John L. Lewis will tell you substantially the same thing.

But blow aside the cigar smoke and survey the historical record.

A record of strikebreaking that has been eating up the union.

Begin with 1919, the year he took office. That fall, the coal miners' union at the top of its wartime strength, took a long vacation. The miners' strike, coming as it did, at the height of the steel strike, the great American industrialists were hamstrung with two basic industries shut down. And then on the army of half a million coal diggers fluttered a tiny scrap of paper from the hands of A. Mitchell Palmer and Judge Anderson. Lewis snivelled:

"We cannot fight the government," and called off the strike.

Wall Street then had only the steel workers to face.

Nineteen twenty-one, the Open Shop was raging through the country on the heels of an industrial depression. It smote the militant Kansas outpost of the miners' union with Governor Allen's Industrial Court (No Strike) law. Alex Howat went to jail. Ten thousand miners struck. Then came Lewis—Strikebreaker. No wonder he so loved and supported Cal Coolidge—Strikebreaker, in 1924. Lewis imported scabs, expelled Howat and Dorchy, and "reorganized" the district. His personal representative, Van A. Bittner, who has broken almost as many local unions as the Sherman Detective Agency, made headquarters at the Hotel Stillwell, only scab hostelry in Pittsburgh, Kansas, where officers of the Kansas National Guard were staying on a similar strikebreaking mission.

Followed the stupendous betrayal of the coke field and Somerset County miners of Pennsylvania. A betrayal that justified the remark of another cynical labor leader that if John wasn't getting paid by the operators he was scabbing on those who were.

The coke fields lie below Pittsburgh, where their gaseous ovens

throw red and black tongues into the night. Here the Steel Trust gets its readiest supplies of coking coal undisturbed by unionism, for Lewis, like his predecessors, keeps hands off the back yards of Judge Gary. But early in the great national strike of 1922 the coke field workers walked out in spontaneous rebellion. At the same time John Brophy, president of the central Pennsylvania miners, was organizing the Rockefeller and Berwind-White fields of Somerset, of which Lewis has also been tender. A hundred thousand former non-union miners in all joined the national walkout and saved the union that would otherwise have been overwhelmed by scab coal. They defied gunmen and evictions with sustained fervor. But—to the shame of American labor—they were left out of the strike settlement. Lewis deserted them, left them to be destroyed in futile local strike while their enemies were nourished by union coal from the outside.

The story of the slump of the union since can be read in the clear and comprehensive circular letter that John Brophy sent to local unions accepting his nomination. Two hundred thousand members swept away. The organization destroyed in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Maryland, Oklahoma, Arkansas and much of Pennsylvania. The *National Miner* will tell you further of the betrayal of the Nationalization

movement, the separation of the anthracite from the bituminous miners by separately expiring agreements, with the calamitous result in the last strike that the soft-coal unionists scabbed on their hard-coal brothers. And finally the crowning folly of the Jacksonville agreement—signing up part of the bituminous fields—guaranteeing the operators for three years against a national strike—though no other weapon is highly effective in this overdeveloped industry.

This year the shipments of coal to break the British miners' strike are fresh in all minds. But fortunately this year also brings the election opportunity to win a new general and prepare for a comeback fight before the union is utterly destroyed. All the progressive forces in the union are lined up behind Brophy and the other men on his ticket, Stevenson and Brennan. Brophy's honesty is unstained; his record of militancy against the operators is clear; his leadership in the Somerset strike was a red-letter chapter in labor's history. As the outstanding exponent of Nationalization, he has contributed to American labor's literature on public ownership and workers' control. His election will not only wholesomely affect the entire movement, but it means the saving of the great industrial United Mine Workers without which the A. F. of L. is a mere collection of craft unions embracing but ten percent of the American workers.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

A. F. of L. Delegates—Well, Boys, We Had a Swell Convention. Now for the Gravy.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

A. F. of L. Delegates—Well, Boys, We Had a Swell Convention. Now for the Gravy.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

A. F. of L. Delegates—Well, Boys, We Had a Swell Convention. Now for the Gravy.



# IN THE RHONDA VALLEY

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

FROM one end of the Rhondda Valley to the other, runs a single street. It is a thread upon which are strung the mining towns. Starting with Pontypool, the large town at the entrance, the valley narrows gradually until we reach its upper end, where the hills close in upon the last small town—Mardy.

At the bottom of the valley run the railroad, the river—a dark stream which appears, now and then, between buildings — and the road, which is the main street of each town through which it runs. Between the towns there is no open country. The villages merge into each other, so that the traveller never knows for sure whether he is in Porth or Ynyshir, Ferndale or Mardy. Along the entire length of the valley run the great double-decker trams, bumping and jarring on the uneven bed of cobbles.

There are no large level spaces in these towns. No parks or spacious playing-grounds. As you go up the valley, and it narrows more and more, you cannot find two streets upon the same level. From the main street and railroad—the valley's twin spinal cord—the streets are built upon a series of terraces: three or four streets upon each side of the centre. But the word "terraces" is perhaps a misleading term. It may suggest a picturesque city of varied planes. With vision and planning, the Rhondda might indeed have been this. Under workers' control, architects of imagination would have loved the job of building a string of terraced cities, like pearls upon the straight thread of a splendid central highway.

But here we have only a crowded jumble of box-like houses, joined end to end, ugly, cheap and unhealthy. These are the miners' cottages. Here eat and sleep the workers who hew coal for Britain's industries.

In a whole street of such houses, there is not one bath-room. When the miner returns from work, blackened with coal-dust, he must stand in a small tin bath, in the kitchen, and wash the filth of toil from his body. In the kitchen, also, meals are taken, and there the children play when they cannot play in the street outside. Sometimes, the kitchen is also a bedroom, if the family is large.

Beyond the houses stretch the hills, black with smoke and coal-dust, up to the summits where dark, ragged trees stand. Like a symbol of power above the towns, rise the gaunt towers of the mine-shafts, and the giant black heaps of slag.

In these narrow Welsh valleys, hemmed in by hills, and by the blind

cruelties of exploitation, are the Welsh miners, in their fifth month of the strike, heroic, stoical, defiant.

The towns are not half deserted, now, during the shifts. There are always men upon the streets, in thousands. Standing in small groups, here and there, discussing the strike news. Pouring into halls where meetings are held. On their way to the food kitchens. Men, everywhere, who have not been underground for months.

Here, in the Miners' Institute—the building owned by the local lodge

pickets, for there are no scabs. This is Red South Wales, where a thousand fights have taught the miners solidarity and courage.

They are a realistic crowd—these stern Welsh miners. You should hear what they say about the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, which let them down at the time of the General Strike. There are but few leaders who have their confidence. Even Cook, once an idol, was severely criticised for his acceptance of the Bishops' mediation proposals. At meeting after meeting, in the valleys, miners—old rank and file battlers—would go up to Cook and ask: "Are you going the same way as

would be to lay hands on our Arthur!

They have no intention of going back to work, the South Wales men, unless at the original terms of the Federation. If the leaders accept a compromise, there will be trouble in South Wales.

Day after day, in the valleys, it is the same. Men, men, thousands of men, heavy-shouldered and heavy-hipped, even in youth, from their toil—mining soon thickens muscles. Not particularly gay—as may well be expected from men who eat seldom—but unafraid and clear-visioned. These are the Left Wing of the miners—the soldiers who will fight to the last.



DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

"We don't need no mornin' exercise these days to keep thin!"

of the Miners' Federation—is the relief station. Here, the children can get two meals per day, and sometimes the women. The men must usually content themselves with one. Wholesome, simple fare, prepared by volunteer workers, paid for by the contributions of workers—of which the Russian workers have given the greater amount.

When the miner cannot get a meal, he tightens his belt, curses a little more grimly, and turns back to the street to meet his pals and hear whether there is any news.

News—that is what they are ever hungering for! How is the strike going in other districts? For the Welsh miner is worried sometimes about rumors that men, in Staffordshire or Nottinghamshire, or elsewhere, are going back to work. He cannot believe this, and attributes it to the bosses' propaganda.

In South Wales, there is no danger of scabbing. There is no need of

the other blighters? Are you going to let us down?"

The men the Welsh miners stand by are their own leaders, in the valleys—the new Left Wing leaders who have been thrust into prominence during the last few years. Arthur Horner, of Mardy, for example. A working miner, a member of the executive of the South Wales Miners' Federation, a Minority Movement man, and a member of the Communist Party executive. For years, Horner has labored among them; and he has never lied. In the course of hundreds of speeches, he has never lied, nor made false promises. "I believe implicitly and practically in Lenin's advice: 'Tell the workers the truth,'" said Horner to me. And that is why they trust him. That is why, in Mardy, where the valley narrows to its end, not a policeman dares to lay hands on Horner. They are tough boys, the Mardy boys, as anybody in the Rhondda will tell you; and the easiest way to start a nasty mess

They are the Left Wing, I say. Within the last three months, the Communist Party has more than doubled its membership in South Wales. When Communist or Minority Movement meetings are held, they are packed. There is no room in the halls, and the miners march up the hill-side, where the meeting is held upon some high grassy plateau, from whence the thousands may see the battle-field below them.

In the valleys of South Wales, revolution is teaching a new, strong lesson, and a bitter one. She has attentive students. Mention Soviet Russia to these miners, and you will tap a source of enthusiasm and confidence. Their fellow workers in Russia have been helping them more than anyone else in the world. This was to be expected, the miners say, from a country where the workers rule. Even their children, eating meals from the relief station, will tell you that this food comes from "the Russians." A link has been forged here that can never be broken.



DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

"We don't need no mornin' exercise these days to keep thin!"



DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

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## A LETTER FROM TROTSKY

ON MY return to Moscow I found on my desk a copy of the American edition of my book "Whither Russia? Towards Capitalism or Socialism?" The book as published by you makes an excellent impression.

Certain foreign periodicals have attempted to weaken the conclusions drawn in my book by reference to the economic difficulties through which our country is passing. How astonishing! Capitalism itself, in its development, is constantly passing not only through periods of boom, but also through periods of crisis, but the fact of periodic crisis does not obliterate another more fundamental fact, namely, that of a progressive development of the productive forces.

At present, now that European capitalism is already no longer able to undertake a systematic expansion of its productive forces, its theorists and statesmen take every one of our economic difficulties as a means of proving the failure of the socialist principle in economy. How futile! Before a realization of the material and cultural conditions for a harmonious socialist economy becomes possible, it will be necessary for us to pass through a number of difficulties, which, growing directly out of our economic development, will at the same time, more or less, retard it.

At any rate, one thing is clear and beyond dispute: in a comparatively short time we have worked our way up out of disorganization and frightful poverty only by applying the centralized national methods of control of our economy. Had we had the American technology, the American material forces, the qualifications of the American workers, our socialist methods of economy would have yielded incomparably greater results than under a capitalist régime, which is necessarily based on an anarchic system of competing trusts.

The exposition in my book starts with the control figures published by the Gosplan last year. Since that time these figures have become subject in part to considerable emendation and correction. Some of the book's critics have made use of this circumstance also, in their attempt to nullify its basic conclusions. But their effort is based either on a complete misunderstanding of the question or on their own preconceptions. The General Table of control figures published by the Gosplan included, on the one hand, the balance sheets for the past year of the Soviet economy; on the other hand, certain preliminary data for the fiscal year 1925-1926. The accounting figures,

defining the net result of the work already performed, have not been refuted in any way, and it is hardly necessary for us to await any more precise indices of our successes and achievements. As for the preliminary or directive figures concerning the current economic (fiscal) year, these data were no doubt excessive and have required certain necessary corrections. But this condition does not interfere in the slightest degree with the fundamental conclusions of my book. Whether our industrial production is increasing this year by 45% or by

30%, as compared with last year's production, is a matter of some importance, no doubt, but a great step forward will have been taken in either case and the fundamental conclusions will therefore remain perfectly valid.

Of course, these new conditions will also involve new difficulties arising from the necessity of co-ordinating all the phases of our economy, and particularly, of preventing industry—which is the basis of our socialistic construction—from lagging behind in the evolution of our national economy as a whole. The surmounting of these difficulties, the so-

lution of new problems as they arise, and consequently, the acceleration of the entire tempo of the socialist evolution of the country, will depend on a correct estimate and on a correct distribution of the national economy, as well as on the entire general tendency of our economic policy.

I shall be very glad to think that my book will enable the American reader to understand our problems, our mistakes, our successes, and to draw the proper conclusions concerning the future economic destinies of America itself.

With communist greetings,

*L. Trotsky*



### HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY—

The White terror has been unleashed upon the subjects of Queen Marie of Roumania. There are 2,500 workers, peasants and intellectuals being persecuted in Roumanian jails for their political beliefs. Men and women have been held incommunicado for eight and ten months without any charge against them or any evidence of offense. Children of twelve have been jailed. Some of the prisoners have been tortured so horribly that the details cannot be told in print. Henri Barbusse has published a book detailing these awful brutalities.

\* This letter was written to Alexander Trachtenberg of the International Publishers, N. Y.



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# POTEMKIN

POTEMKIN, by the almost unanimous consent of those who have had the privilege of seeing it, has been nominated the peak achievement in the art of the motion picture.

America invented a new vehicle of expression; Germany gave it cunning; Soviet Russia has given it a soul and a mission in life. America invented a new machine and put it to work earning money; Germany endeavored to make it conscious of its possibilities; Russia accepts it entirely as the perfect means of expressing her new life, the life of our mechanical age and of masses of men.

*Potemkin* is a complete break from anything hitherto known in the art of the motion picture. (Experimental films like Murphy's *Ballet Mécanique* and Beaumont's *Of What Are the Young Films Dreaming*, while splendid in themselves, may here be put aside as serving the craftsman and quickening the artist's imagination to new possibilities rather than deepening the layman's vision.) *Potemkin* is a break from the silent drama, from situations. It might be called rather, silent narrative. But we should have to drop the adjective, for if anything can be more eloquent than the march-

ing legs and levelled rifles of the cossacks, or than the excited machinery of the battleship steaming in full flight before the Czar's fleet, I have yet to hear it. *Potemkin* is a straight line narrative, expressed in pictures of action as simply as in the words of a folk story, its dramatic value lying not in situations but in the natural ebb and flow of its emotional intensity.

If subject alone were the foundation of *Potemkin* it would have its parallel in any number of cheap American thrillers. Substitute for the sailors the hero, and for the crowds on shore, the good people of the town; for the officers the villain, and

for the cossacks the villain's accomplices, or associated hijackers, thugs and pimps, or a forest fire. Have the hero racing from what appears to be the villain's accomplices, only to find out in the nick of time that it is not they at all but really his friends. And there you have a good western thriller, American brand.

No, it is more than subject that makes *Potemkin* so pulsate with excitement, so throb with horror and awakened sympathy, with hatred for injustice and understanding of the insulted and injured. It is the comprehension, the social vision that makes the subject; it is these things expressed with emotional power; it is the perfect understanding of form in the art of the motion picture. It is the formal arrangement of subject that piles thrill upon horror and release upon thrill, that makes even machinery emotional and endows human brutality with the stupidity and fearsomeness of machinery. Action, suspense, crisis, release, quickening tempo, resolution of conflicting elements—all these are the formal stuff of *Potemkin*. After the revolt of the sailors is the calm of ships resting quietly in the harbor of Odessa. After the sunlight and joy of the crew freed of their oppressors, after the awe and visioning of the crowds on shore at the humble resting-place of their martyr, comes the uneasy sleep of the sailors, the mounting shadow of further oppression on the part of the Czar's fleet, the fearful race for life working up to a frenzy of excitement, and the sudden release in the knowledge that escape is assured. Poetic justice. Curtain.

All this may be "life itself," but it is life arranged by an artist to give a unity of approach and understanding. The fact that the director of *Potemkin* has used masses of men rather than individuals to express his mass drama (the masses are never mobs but streams of individuals made one in suffering and one in joy and one in resolve) is also a formal element. It is an element native to the art of the motion picture.

Edwin Seaver

## NEW MASSES BALL

Webster Hall will be the scene of a mad revel of gayety—it will be all color and confusion—when the jazz band starts playing on the night of Friday, December 3rd for the NEW MASSES WORKERS AND PEASANTS BALL. The boys and girls are getting out their smocks and high boots, their gay sashes and handkerchiefs. There will be Russians, Georgians, Cossacks, Mujiks, Gypsies. There will be Czecho-Slovaks, Bohemians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Lithuanians, Poles—all in their national costumes. Some will come simply in workers' blouses on which the hammer and sickle are emblazoned. Come!



DRAWINGS BY REGINALD MARSH

## IN DEMOCRATIC AMERICA

"Your statue of Liberty waves a magic wand which will reveal to me unknown depths, things which will stir within me the greatest emotions, aspirations and inspirations... My own people let me go grudgingly," cries the Queen to America, in a signed statement to the Press.

"And may I say that I come with a great message of love, with a great hope in my heart, a great desire... May we strengthen the bonds of affection and understanding which already exist."



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*East Wind*, by Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.25.

All of the thirteen narrative poems in *East Wind* show a neat, expert craftsmanship; they make mildly interesting reading. After the book has been closed, odd scraps of plots even continue to stick in the memory.

It is Amy Lowell who won last year's Pulitzer prize with her *What's O'clock*, and I do not see why *East Wind* should not be given the same award. The present volume is of the prize-winning variety—in fact, it is New England again, with teak-wood tables and clipper-ships and Deserted Houses with Strange, Tragic Stories, all of them giving the outward appearance of reality, but truly quite thin and hollow. The area Amy Lowell chose to cultivate was small, and it happened to lie within a rose garden that blooms perennially.

The queer part of it is that once there was a superstition in America that Amy Lowell had something to say. The superstition was grounded, probably, on a manifesto that she and other budding Imagists issued to the world, a manifesto that, in the villainous 'teens, was mistaken for a revolutionary doctrine. And that was Amy Lowell's career. How dear she was to the heart of anyone, any magazine editor or critic, wishing and wishing he, too, might be known as modern and daring, and yet, after all, safe! For the fact is that Amy Lowell, in spite of her free verse, was anything but free in her use of the actual forces of life, always substituting for the actuality an approved, tame, lithographic imitation of it.

The material in *East Wind* is exactly of the type that the bogus among New England writers have established as being truly New England. There are herein:

"... the two Misses Perkins.

They were a whiff  
Of eighteen-forty, and I rather liked  
To talk to them and then come back  
and play  
Debussy, and thank God I had read  
Freud . . ."

But do not be mistaken; the Debussy and Freud referred to are merely names; they are meant to be "whiffs" of the twentieth century, teasers.

And again there is a regular, honest-to-God New England grandfather:

"Grandfather was smoking as he always did  
Just before sunset until supper time.  
I sidled in and wandered round the room  
Staring at the book-backs I knew by heart,  
And fingering the pistols Great Uncle John  
Had used in Egypt on his famous tour,  
And pretty soon Grandfather saw me there,  
"Well, Jim," said he, taking his spectacles  
off . . ."

And again there is tragedy:

"Joe warn't concerned, he said he'd be  
all right come Spring,  
But he warn't . . ."

It is not that Amy Lowell is in any way evasive, prone to dodge and find shelter in tissue-paper tragedies and dramatics; her stories are about very profound and epic people and situations; but the verse-stories themselves are merely, at best, charming.

There will be one more volume of Amy Lowell's poetry to delight *The New York Times* and *the Bookman*.

Kenneth Fearing

## SOVIET SCHOOLS

*Education in Soviet Russia*, by Scott Nearing. International Publishers. Paper, 50c.

Said Shishkov, Minister of Instruction, with the approval of the Czar and in his presence:

"Knowledge is useful only when, like salt, it is used in small quantities according to the people's circumstances and their needs. . . . To teach the mass of people, or even the majority of them, how to read will bring more harm than good."

Says Lunacharsky, Bolshevik Commissar of Education: "The finest conquest of Communism will be a renaissance of art and the sciences—this is the most sublime objective of human evolution. Marx told us that the only goal worthy of humanity is the greatest possible enlargement of all human faculties."

In the contrast between these two declarations, one has in epitome the ultimate meaning of the Bolshevik revolution. Obscurantism conquered by poetic vision—that is in the highest sense the Russian revolution. 1917 was no mere politico-economic overturn; it was—and it is this that makes it perhaps the most important event since the dawn of history—it was a stupendous cultural revolution. Not for bread alone did the martyrs of the struggle against capitalist-czarism lay down their lives. Bread for the body, to be sure, but only that the spirit of man might thrive and grow vigorous and beautiful. Lenine, Trotsky, Djerzhinsky, Lunacharsky and the rest are apostles of poetry and love—let us not lose sight of that, for all the welter of blood, poverty and fire into which they so he-

THE JEWISH DAILY

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roically plunged to save the enchaind masses of Russia and the world. It is to make realities of the ideals of these men that the educators of Soviet Russia are bending their energies.

Immediately after their seizure of power in 1917 the Bolsheviks launched a vast educational and cultural movement. But civil war, invasions from all sides, famine, poverty, economic breakdown arrested progress. The years since 1921 and '22 have afforded a breathing-spell. The forces released from the military fronts have been swung into the economic and educational fronts. The educational life of Russia is accordingly dominated by ex-soldiers of the Red Army as students, teachers and administrators. They have instilled into Soviet educational activity that efficiency, that esprit-de-corps, that sense of knowing-what-the-fight's-all-about, that made the Red Army the effective fighting force it has proven itself to be.

In his book *Education in Soviet Russia* Scott Nearing makes report of his observations in two months as correspondent on this educational front in Soviet Russia. He visited some seventy schools of many grades and types. His book is a meaty, systematic, cautious, impersonal exposition of what he saw. It could scarcely have been more detached if it were a treatise on the mineralogy of Madagascar. And herein lies the chief defect of the book. Nearing was viewing a miracle in the making—a miracle infinitely more beautiful, more marvelous, more mightily significant, than any ever concocted by soothsayer or religious. But the author of *Education in Soviet Russia*, afraid that his book will be regarded as red propaganda, writes as if he were not greatly moved by the wonder and power in the great cultural surge he is studying.

The Russians have scrapped the

old educational system almost in its entirety. In laying the foundations of the new educational system they are studying the works of the most advanced educators of the West, adapting their theories and principles to Russian uses. Naturally, since conditions in Russia are so unique and the educational objectives of Russia so different from those obtaining in the rest of the world, the Russians have improvised distinctive techniques and invented new educational forms. As a result, Russia is a vast experimental laboratory of education to which educators from the world over are destined to come for study.

The Soviet government aims to create a society of individuals who will practice that highest form of individualism—an individualism trained, self-dependent and vital yet cognizant of social relationships and the necessity of social responsibility. The educational methods, therefore, current in capitalist society, aiming only to make more efficient but more docile wage slaves, would not do for Revolutionary Russia.

The phase of educational life which is the most distinctly novel and significant is school administration. The liberal-minded reader of *Education in Soviet Russia* will be astonished and refreshed by the degree to which the administration of Russian schools has been democratized and socialized with respect to teachers, pupils and community control. Those tired radicals and others given to heart-ache because Russia has overthrown the tyranny of czar and noble only to replace it with the "tyranny" of a group of repressive "fanatics" had better explain why "democratic" America has such a vilely autocratic educational hierarchy, and why it is possible for the "tyrants" of Soviet Russia to permit a perfectly democratic system of school administration.

**S. S. Adamson**

**GEORGE STERLING**

*Lilith*, by George Sterling. Introduction by Theodore Dreiser. Macmillan. \$1.50.

*Strange Waters*, by George Sterling. Privately printed.

Last year Holt published George Sterling's selected poems. This year, with the publication of *Lilith*, Macmillan continues the laudable enterprise of rescuing Sterling from the great open spaces where men are realtors and poets are public curiosities, subject to crucifixion in the deluxe editions of local "artist printers" and betrayed by death into the hands of the bad sculptors of San Francisco's Bohemian Club.

The fates have not been kind to George Sterling. He is and always has been a poet, and a reasonably in-

dulgent destiny would have permitted him to be himself, write his own poetry and obtain recognition for exactly what he was. Instead, look what has happened to him.

Born on Long Island, of a long line of sea-faring forebears, he migrated to California in his youth, not as a poet, for he did not begin to write until his late twenties, but as an adventurous young man who found the job of helping his uncle make money out of Oakland real estate not altogether to his liking. Accordingly he discovered socialism, which was excellent. Simultaneously, however, he was discovered by Ambrose Bierce, which was almost fatal. At that time Bierce was the literary arbiter of San Francisco—the "literary Leviathan of

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the Pacific Coast," as he is naively described by a local *litterateur* of the period. Bierce had been a cavalry captain in the Civil War and his literary manners were always somewhat military, to say the least. As a creative writer he was pretty much of a failure and probably knew it. His short stories entitle him to a rating greatly below Poe and not much above Fitz James O'Brien. His criticism was bigoted, bitter and uninformed. Nevertheless, he was the high priest of his parish—the Mencken of his time and place. A vigorous personality and a talented stylist, he compensated for a nagging sense of creative impotence in two ways: by decapitating literary and other nonentities every week in the columns of Hearst's *Examiner*; and by imposing a set of very limited ideas on the young writers who surrounded him, including George Sterling.

Bierce's philosophy was a provincial Nietzscheism, reinforced by a shallow and defensive misanthropy. His poetic credo was simple. He believed that poetry consisted of cosmic gestures clothed in beautiful words. He had the stupidity and the impudence to tell this to Sterling, who, being young, humble, and art-struck, listened not wisely but too well, and ever since has been diluting the genuine poetry which is his with the false rhetoric which is some one's else.

Perhaps this is not a fair or accurate explanation of why Sterling's productive years have not yielded as much good poetry as they should have. However, it is pleasant to abuse Bierce and unthinkable to abuse Sterling, the worth of whose best poetry is rivalled only by his worth as a "poetic person"—the phrase is Max Eastman's—a person whose un-failing generosity of spirit has won him the devoted friendship of many of the best writers of his time. One of them was Jack London, who made literary material of him in one of his worst books. Another is Theodore Dreiser, who contributes a preface to the present reprint of *Lilith* first published in 1919.

At first thought, it might seem strange to find our greatest naturalistic novelist introducing the work of a poet who is nothing if not romantic. It is not so strange. In the first place, Dreiser is a poet in his own right and curiously enough a romantic poet. He belongs to Sterling's generation and thinks of poetry in similar terms; that is to say, in romantic terms, disdainful of realism either in language or thought.

In the second place, although one may not in the least agree with Dreiser's detailed estimate of the poem, his instinct is right. *Lilith*, despite its outmoded "poetic" language, its neo-Elizabethan rhetoric, is a substantial

and important piece of work. It is that because it conveys honestly and movingly the life-experience of a genuine poet; the verbal trappings are obsolete, but they don't essentially matter.

"The deepest impression I take after several readings of this exalted lyric drama," writes Dreiser, "is one of noble and even ecstatic lines and thoughts—a theme and form as severe and as beautiful as the draperies of Phidias, yet suffused with a sensitive and sensuous mood conveying beauty and passion as rich and moving as light in jewels and wine, and thoughts as flashing and irradiating as light gleaming through crystals or rubies."

The poem has a deeper import than this. *Lilith*, the incarnation of sensual pleasure, is the most profound reality that Sterling, with his simple and direct pleasure-pain philosophy, has experienced. It is his truth, and he is loyal to it. But he is also loyal to his idealistic social passion, which all Bierce's misanthropic diatribes were unable to disturb. Out of this conflict grows the poem, and it holds firmly as a real thing, despite all the rhetoric, despite the stagy lyrics, despite everything.

Dreiser urges that *Lilith* be given stage production and one cordially seconds the motion. It is better than anything that Stephen Phillips or Sam Benelli ever wrote. One is moved, however, to plead desperately: Don't put it in plain clothes. Declaim the rhetoric for what it is worth, because after all it is worth a good deal. Let's have the moonlight, the roses, the castles and the tombs—they are also good; and if the sternly modernistic highbrows ask more, the poem does not lack a genuine core of thought and feeling.

There remains the less agreeable task of denouncing Sterling's latest influence. About three years ago Robinson Jeffers, then practically unknown, sent Sterling a copy of his first privately printed edition of *Tamar*. Sterling, who has always cared more about poetry than he has cared about himself, behaved characteristically. He declared that *Tamar* was first-rate work, which was both generous and just. But he went further and declared that, in comparison with Jeffers, he, Sterling, was a nobody, which was neither just nor relevant. That was bad enough, but there was worse to come. Sterling has just issued privately a narrative poem called *Strange Waters*, frankly in imitation of Jeffers. *Strange Waters* is easily the worst thing Sterling has ever written. It has nothing whatever in it except some very unconvincing incest and a lot of bad writing. Incidentally, it is perhaps a serviceable criticism of Jeffers, because it unconsciously parodies his worst faults.—James Rorty



## THAT DEAR PARIS

*Paris in the Revolution.* By G. Lenôtre. Brentano's. \$4.50.

The Paris known now to our savours of democracy—and of hungry grisettes—the Paris of endless boulevards making the circuit of the poorer quarters, of broad, wind-swept thoroughfares running straight through them, of easy approaches and huge railroad depots—in short, the Paris that can be, at less than an hour's notice, swamped with soldiers drawn from half a dozen nearby departments, raked with artillery fire and taught its manners by any government that may happen to be in power—that safe and sane metropolis, successor to a distinctly unsafe and occasionally insane one, was built about sixty-five years ago upon the wreckage of the older city by Baron Haussmann, a creature of Napoleon the Little. But despite the Baron's ruthless destruction of a great many old rookeries, there are plenty of vestiges left of the revolutionary Paris of 1789-1794.

An exceedingly useful, scholarly monomaniac, who, for the last thirty years or so, has written a multitude of fascinating volumes about this or that phase of the French Revolution, has traced, discovered, inspected every quarter of the town, every street, alley, house, staircase, garden, shop, corridor, doorknob, in any way connected with the story of the French Revolution and made of his findings, a good many years ago, a wonderfully entertaining and instructive book, now made accessible to American readers by the enterprise of Brentano's.

Both the pen-name of this eminently useful specialist—G. Lenôtre—and his real name—Gosselin—are probably unknown to ninety-five out of every hundred readers of THE NEW MASSES. If they will take my advice and buy or borrow every Lenôtre volume they can lay hands on, I anticipate a harvest of delighted gratitude. There never was a writer who carried a staggering load of detailed historical information with more facile grace than Lenôtre. With a maniac's persistency of minute research, and with the exhaustless talent of a born story-teller, he has told, in a literary output of nineteen or twenty volumes dealing with nothing else under the moon save the French Revolution, all there is to tell about the intimate story of the great tragedy, its heroes, semi-heroes, valets, comedians, uncles and aunts. Did you know that Robespierre had a sister, who nagged him, tyrannized over him, survived him for more than forty years and drew pensions from the Directorate, the Consulate, the Empire, Louis XVIII, Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe? Did you know that Forquier-Tinville kept the

clerks in his prosecuting attorney's office at work for fourteen or sixteen hours at a stretch, by the threat of the guillotine, and that he actually caused one of them to be guillotined, *pour encourager les autres*? Did you know that Sanson, the celebrated executioner, asked the National Convention for an extra gratuity of 20,000 francs and obtained part of it "because he and his assistants were constantly spoiling their shoes and clothes, which were every day soaked with blood"? Did you know that Hébert, editor of the abominably foul-mouthed "Père Duchesne," was in private life a simpering, sentimental Puritan? Did you know that Postmaster Drouet—he who stopped the flight of the King at Varennes—was a socialist, and a fellow-conspirator of Babœuf? Or that the celebrated Santerre, whose drummers drowned with their noise the King's dying speech, took under an assumed name the post of secretary to a returned aristocrat after the Restoration, expecting daily to be found out and to be torn to pieces?

Of course, you didn't know any of these grimly ludicrous details—get the works of Lenôtre and read up on them, and a hundred others, in the firm assurance that his minuteness will never bore you. I think I can best explain to the reader the peculiar style and merit of *Paris in the French Revolution* by a comparison with Charles Dickens.

There is something of the true Dickens flavor, that infectious relish of the narrator in his own description, about the Parisian rambles of Lenôtre—and the queerest thing about it is, that his rambles are taken in a *reconstructed* Paris—a feudal, Gothic, narrow, picturesquely dirty city that has, for the most part, ceased to exist! You do not care to know where Robespierre lived, and with whom, and what became of his landlord and the house he lived in? Are you not interested in the bath of Marat, or the fashions of Madame Roland, or in the quarrel between the Cordeliers and the Jacobins? Open Lenôtre's *Paris*, anywhere, read half a dozen pages, and see what happens to you; you will presently feel that Robespierre's stock of clothes and Marat's sulphur-bath are incomparably more interesting than any modern newspaper scandal casually brought under your notice. In conclusion, I hasten to add that these whim-whams are by no means all there is to the book—it contains, in addition to the fascinating trifles, interesting matter of considerable historical importance. The translation is perfect, the typography good, and the volume contains a few remarkably fine reproductions of revolutionary portraits. *James Fuchs*



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Alarmed by the General Strike, Sir E. J. P. Benn, publisher, hereditary baronet and "confessed" capitalist—his confessions have recently been published by Scribner's—hastens to advance his theories of how the approved model labor leader should behave. His theory does not differ much, as far as I can see, from the class collaboration policy of most American labor leaders. Capitalism, he argues, is capable of serving the mass of the people satisfactorily if the trade unions will only quit throwing sand in the machinery. If the trade

unions will turn a deaf ear to the advice of the communists and "the long-haired revolutionary type of labour leader," and will frankly accept the theory that "the object of Trade Unionism is to promote industrial prosperity for the general benefit of all" within the capitalist system, then Great Britain will be able to rival the United States in prosperity, and unemployment, etc., will gradually be eliminated.

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There is a difference between this type of capitalist and the Judge Gary type. But in the last analysis, it is a difference in degree, and not in kind. If America is ever faced with a general strike, the Dennisons and the Willards will be lined up with the Garys against the workers. But before that situation can arise, the American Labor Movement will have to produce some Cooks and Purcells and its counsellors will have to grow much more of the mythical revolutionary hair.

*Roland A. Gibson*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912. Of New Masses, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1926.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Stout, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the NEW MASSES and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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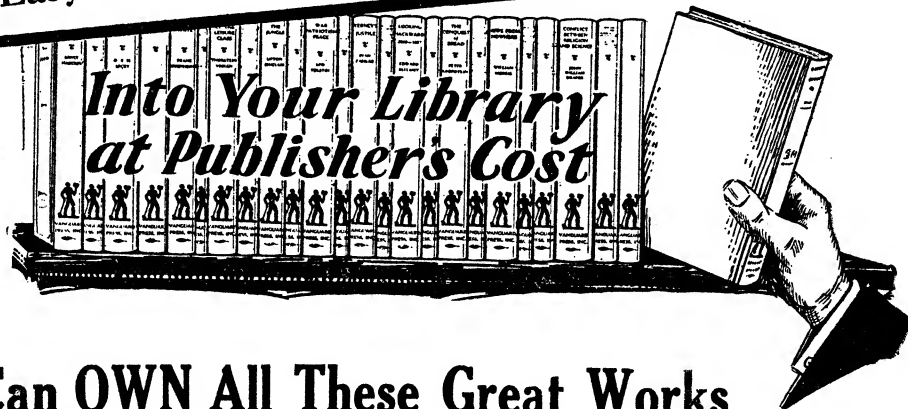
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